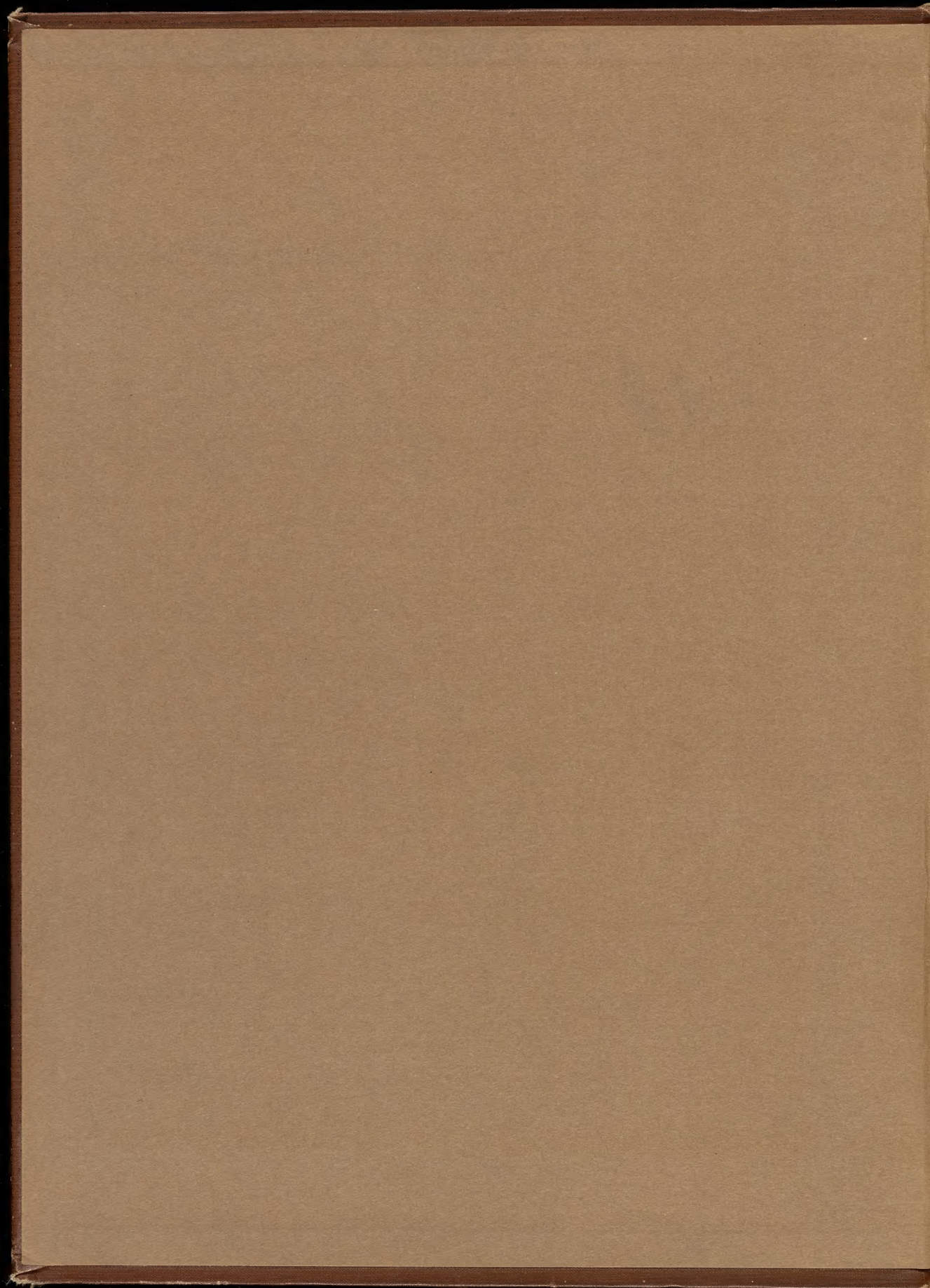


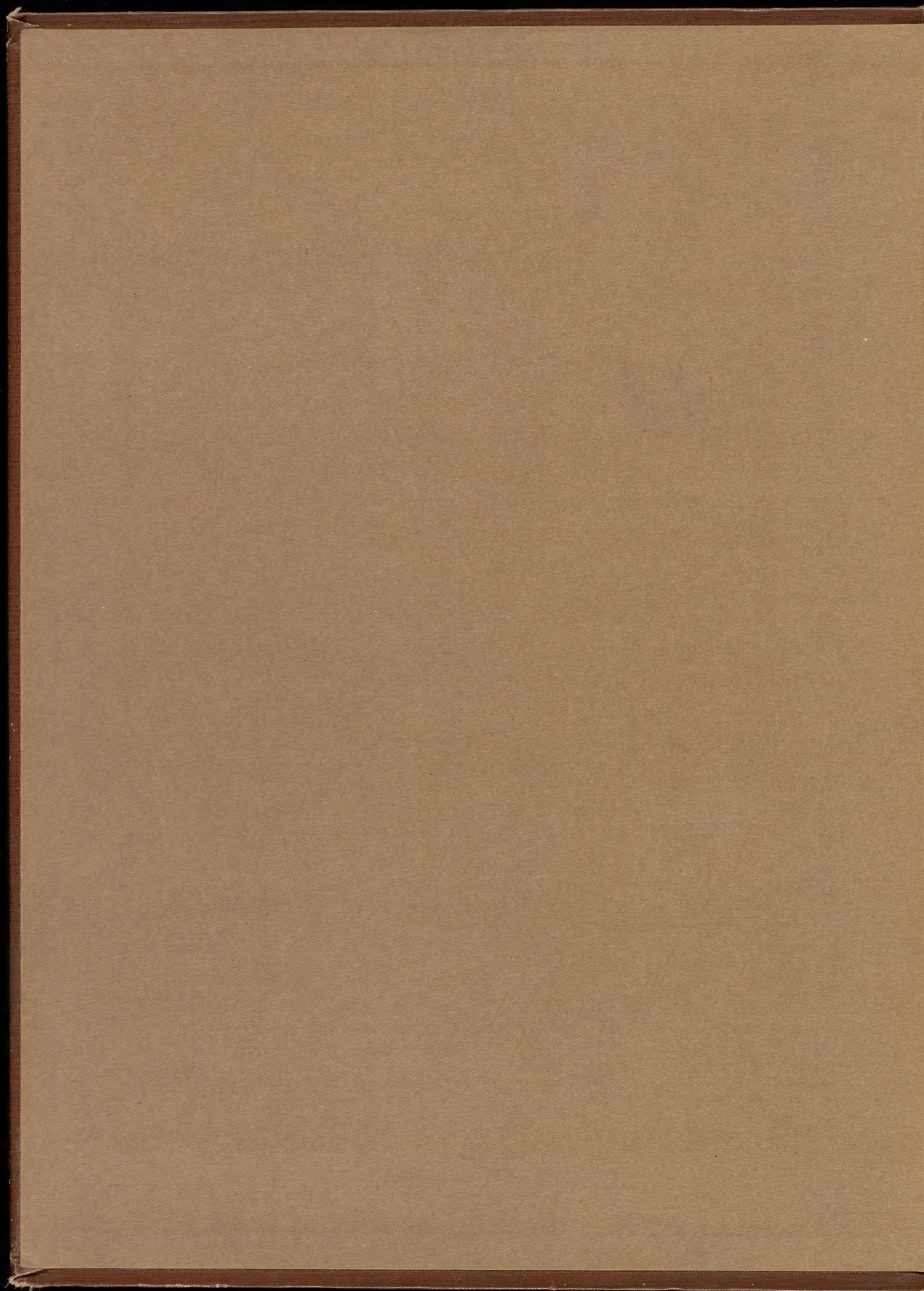
CHARLES A. PLATT



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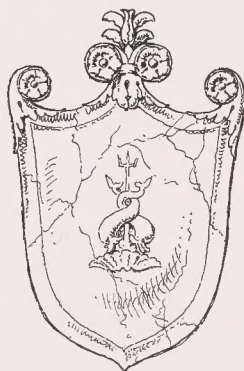
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MONOGRAPH OF THE WORK OF
CHARLES A PLATT
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
ROYAL CORTISZOZ

MCMXIII



NEW YORK

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Publisher's Note

The purpose of this volume, which has been prepared with the sanction of Mr. Platt, is to illustrate some of the work executed by him in the last ten or fifteen years. It is not an exhaustive compilation nor has any attempt been made in it to present a strictly systematic and chronological array of this architect's designs. Neither has any single building included been shown in all its aspects. In some instances good photographs were readily available, in others they had to be specially taken, and in still others the right data could not at once be developed. Mr. Platt has of course produced much more than could here be gathered together and he has a great mass of work under way. For the full exposition of what he has done and is doing the publication of still another volume must be awaited. But the publishers have the satisfaction of being able to offer on this occasion a group of photographic reproductions that is admirably representative, embracing a larger number of characteristic examples than has hitherto seen the light anywhere else on the same scale. Mr. Platt has also allowed the publication here of a number of plans and other drawings. It is believed that this exceptional body of material will prove of solid practical interest to the architect and student as well as to the connoisseur everywhere.



Introduction

CRITICISM of American architecture is prone to take very serious, even solicitous, account of the absence of tradition from its historical development. In fact we are not always credited with having had anything so tangible as an historical development in this art. It is asserted, and rightly, too, that we have had, rather, a succession of loosely related and generally brief "periods," none of which could be said to have consummated itself in a distinctively American style. And it is on this question of style that criticism is wont to dwell. There are commentators who are always looking for the great American architect just as there are others who will never be happy until the great American novelist swims into their ken. The assumption seems to be, moreover, that when the desired master arrives he will somehow invent, or mould from existing inchoate materials, a new artistic idiom which he will then proceed to impose upon his contemporaries, thereby founding a school and giving us at last a national mode of expression. The corollary to this hypothesis is the conclusion that without some such master and some such influence we must remain a little backward in art, a little provincial, perhaps, and certainly incomplete, with our destiny unfulfilled. I like, however, to look at the whole subject from another point of view and, indeed, one cannot but do this on the present occasion. Mr. Platt's work strongly urges the critic to subordinate the question of tradition to that of personality.

The truth is that while we have lost much through our want of the steadying conventions and habits of design upon which the European schools have rested for centuries, we have had our gains. An eclectic period means freedom if it means nothing else, and not only freedom of choice at the early moment in a man's career which so often determines the evolution of his whole life, but freedom thenceforth to range and to experiment. He may take his good where he finds it, as the French saying goes, and if he has the right stuff in him he may hope to beat out an individual style, possibly of greater value than anything possessing the most "national" of traits. No doubt he runs his risk and, even with genius, may miss the goal, as was the case with H. H. Richardson. But, on the other hand, we have the record of Charles F. McKim to show us how, on a sound inspiration, eclecticism may lead to unqualified success and a free handling of old traditions may develop into the establishment of something like a new one. It is interesting to observe, by the way, how the designer who achieves a triumph of this sort keeps his individuality and yet groups himself, so to say, with the creative artists of any time or place. He and they are members of one family. Their idioms may differ but obviously have the same roots and are swayed by the same law. I think of Platt in this category, seeing how he has found his own path only to arrive where he speaks much the same language as certain others have spoken in a noble past. He is in sympathy with a tradition though he has not been formed by it but came to lean upon it quite naturally, through the artless, if not unconscious, promptings of his own nature. That is the nature of an artist in a peculiarly wide sense of the term. He has practised to good purpose several of the arts, yet I would not call him versatile



any more than I would suggest caprice or weakness in his transition from one to another of them. Whatever he has done has been governed to a certain extent by his interest in the given medium but even more by his love of beauty. There, as I see it, is the key to his career.

He was born October 16, 1861, in New York, where his father, John H. Platt, was a successful lawyer. Mrs. Platt was one of the Cheney's of Manchester, the family of silk manufacturers. On her side of the house two artists are to be reckoned, an engraver and a maker of crayon portraits, from whom, in some dim way, there may have come down the impulse which Charles A. Platt was to obey at an early age. He was educated in New York and while still a youth pursued his studies also in the school of the National Academy of Design, later seeking instruction at the Art Student's League. He recalls his first artistic effort, which was to devise paper imitations of things seen, horses, carriages and the like, and, more particularly, houses. Once he even composed a complete country house with its surroundings and with divers inhabitants to give it the last touch of verisimilitude. But he had no idea then that these toys were prefiguring the models from which in after years he would be studying architectural problems. He had no thought of being an architect. To paint and to etch were his sole ambitions and these, I may add, went forward simultaneously, for while he took up the brush before the needle the latter was very soon in his hand. Stephen Parrish stimulated him to look into the etcher's art and grounded him in its rudiments. The "Gloucester Harbor," his first plate, was done in 1881, when he was only twenty. He worked hard, I gather, at this time. Busy at the schools in winter, he roved masterless in the summer, painting landscapes, and in the spring of 1882 he was ready to go abroad. At Julian's he studied under Boulanger and Lefebvre and it is clear that he made rapid progress for, after his first year in Paris, he exhibited in every Salon until he came back to New York in 1887. Then he mounted to the crest of the wave, and was promptly elected a member of the Society of American Artists. From the outset his gifts were recognized by the different artistic organizations. He was one of the early members of the Society of American Etchers, and, I may note in passing, was welcomed also into the London Society of Painter Etchers. The National Academy of Design made him an Associate and in that group as elsewhere he was reckoned one of the young leaders. Later, as an architect, he was elected to the higher rank of Academician. The curious in such matters may explore here the list of prizes won and similar honors, but I prefer to pause instead upon the broad question of his artistic character as I came to know it in the exhibitions of twenty odd years ago, especially the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists.

Those were great days. Some of the best men we have ever had were just rising into their prime and the Society was their rallying ground. Varnishing Day was an event. It was exciting to get then a first glimpse of an astonishing number of fresh, good pictures and I remember how exceptionally interested I always was when I found two artists hovering about their works for a last touch or a last look. One of them was the late Robert Blum and the other was Platt. I did not know either of them but I knew minutely what they were painting and I hovered, too, full of sympathy and enthusiasm. Platt's etchings interested me then as they do now for their easy composition, their unforced picturesqueness and their strong line. He early imbibed the principle on which Whistler laid such stress, using the art of omission with almost unfailing judgment. He knew his craft, and, besides, there cropped out abundantly in his etchings that sense of beauty to which I have already referred. Nevertheless it was in his paintings rather than in his etchings that he really stirred me. Partly, I suppose, it was the added charm of color, but this was, to be sure, only a detail. The important thing was what I can only describe as a new and very fine personal quality, a touch that embraced, with notable simplicity of design and very clean, competent brush work, the sentiment of the American scene portrayed. Platt was one of the newer types coming into view at that time, taking technique with the zest and seriousness characteristic of French studios and he played more or less into the hands of those of us who were talking ardently, in print and out of it, about the



now slightly old fashioned gospel of "art for art's sake." But I say "more or less" advisedly, for however keen upon technique, as technique, he may have been, when he was all for painting and the world well lost—and I surmise that he, too, had his share in the prevailing debate—two points in his work remain clear in my memory, placing him apart from the merely clever technicians. In the first place he hadn't Parisianized his method. That, I repeat, had a marked personal grain. Secondly, unlike many of his comrades, he had something to say. The beauty that he loved he did not seek in deftly manipulated paint alone but in the hills and skies and he gave these their chance. He did more than that. He painted them fervently and understandingly, and I can realize as though it were yesterday, the lift that one got on coming across a picture of his on the line. It revived Nature's spell, gave you a taste of her invigorating airs, and so often too, brought home to the spectator her breadth and dignity. That is the essential impression I have preserved from all my meetings with Platt's pictures, an impression of delicacy and strength, of a kind of masculine serenity. He has been one of the skillfullest of American painters and one of the sincerest. I speak of his work upon canvas as in the past. To this day, I believe, he paints occasionally but it is the architectural motive which rules in the phase of his career I have now to traverse, the same spirit that produced the etchings and the paintings, seeking a new form of expression.

The search was begun in such wise that I cannot so much as pretend to enlighten the reader who is avid of dates. In the back of his mind, as I have already shown, Platt had vaguely been interested in buildings from the beginning. When he went to Paris it was to study painting, but at the Ecole he was bound to learn something about the classical orders and so on, and all through his French experience, he has told me, he was studying architecture from the point of view of the artist. Then, of course, there were budding architects amongst his fellow students in the Latin Quarter and while he looked over their *projets* and talked and talked he assimilated quantities of architectural ideas, as he did when he returned to America and forgathered with many friends in the profession. I have, too, his confession that he is "at bottom a practical man," which I interpret and the proofs are near at hand—as meaning that he has always had a faculty for dealing with the concrete issues that belong to the builder's art. It was the most natural thing in the world, when he decided to make his summer home in Cornish and needed a house there, for him to build it himself. And it was natural also for him to make his way into architecture, not in formal, pedantic fashion, but as the whole movement of his life gradually led him to the step.

It was in the 80's, while he was still painting, that he turned with some definiteness toward a further field. One of his brothers had interested himself in landscape gardening with some thought of making it a profession, and after leaving Harvard, had gone into the office of Frederick Law Olmsted. Platt was kindling to the same subject and as he and his brother discussed it together they framed a delectable enterprise. The elder, for all that he was a painter, saw landscape, when it came to making a garden out of it, with the eyes of an architect. They decided to go abroad for a long excursion through the great European gardens. Platt was prepared not only to paint them but to make very exact studies. They made carefully measured drawings, they had a camera with them, and on their return they brought an accumulation of data richer than anything of the sort previously made known in this country. One of the two eager travellers died shortly after they came home, untimely lost, but Platt bravely went on with the task so hopefully begun. He published a series of chapters in "Harper's Magazine" and afterwards gathered them together in a book, "Italian Gardens," which was brought out in 1894, the forerunner of all those innumerable volumes which have since, in England and America, made the subject more than familiar. Even while he was writing he was building gardens—and houses. Out of this seeming medley of experience, painting and etching, travel and writing, gardening and building, Platt was emerging into the authoritative exercise of his present function. What is it? The function of the architect doubled with that of the landscape gardener? Yes, I would call it that, but I would call it still more accurately the function of the artist.

The text of his "Italian Gardens" is brief and undogmatic. It contains practically no history and no description whatever of the "literary" sort. He hadn't the smallest temptation to romanticize his theme. He knew—no one has ever known better—the magic in it, the beauty and the glamour. But he left it to his pictures to suggest these things to the reader, and, caring for them with poignant feeling, nevertheless bent himself to bring out in his prose the practical fundamentals which the uninitiated might fail to notice. What he endeavored to do in those few pages was, significantly, to explain why and how the gardens of Italy were constructed, to expose what they have to tell us in respect to useful design. I have been struck by his restraint on the topic which so many writers on the historic villas are quick to seize, their monumental grandeur. The thing that interested Platt to elucidate for travellers in Italy was the shrewdness with which the Renaissance architect had planned the country palaces of their clients so as to take advantage of every peculiarity of site and to give the princely dweller on some great hillside not only the things that he wanted "for show" but the things he needed for comfort. The book never fails to take note of the presence in this or that garden of the intimate character implying quiet hours in the shade, easy access to the house, convenient walks and all the resources requisite to a happy human life. Platt saw that a garden like that of the Villa Lante at Bagnaia, for example, was meant to be enjoyed by its proprietor and his people. Merely as a little spectacle it is one of the most entrancing places in all Italy, but the two big pavillions that lie between the parterre and its basin on the one hand and the grove of towering oaks climbing up to the grotto on the other, are made for domesticity. Here, amid flowers and sunshine, with fountains sparkling and murmuring all about one, is a home, if ever there was one framed on stately lines. This was the idea with which Platt faced the opportunities rapidly put before him when, as an architect, he was fairly launched, and he has been faithful to it ever since. It is, too, an idea which he has made very much his own, a fact due chiefly to his originality but furthermore to social developments in his period. His success would hardly have been possible if he had not taken this later turning in his career just about the time when country house life had begun to approximate in America to the English ideal. We have always been a great people for summer holidays but for years the country meant holidays to city folk and nothing else. The mansions of the wealthy, away from their urban haunts, were built in colonies at places like Newport. Then with something like suddenness the big and permanent country house came into fashion, the lordly dwelling having practically no relation at all to even the most luxurious "cottage" of previous generations. Stone and brick, much more than before, took the places of clap boards and shingles. Interiors rivalled in artistic distinction the most elaborate establishments in the city and the architect no longer confined his operations outside to a stretch of lawn and a small enclosure for flowers. He dealt lavishly in terraces, pools, and all manner of gardening schemes. At the time of this prodigious efflorescence the designers concerned may be said to have divided themselves into two camps. In one, far larger than the other, were those who were willing that their patrons should spend vast sums of money and knew how to express such sums on the surface of their work. They took care of those numerous estates which are before all else gorgeous and even ostentatious. In the other camp were the men who needed money, too, for their plans but put taste in the first place. Platt inevitably was one of the few. He is all taste, and his work, from beginning to end, has been remarkable for its fitness and restraint. He never made a flamboyant design in his life, but sometimes he has departed a little from the simplicity that is at the core of his art. I have in mind one or two gardens of his in which the profusion of decorative episodes is carried very far, in which the American prospect is Italianized half out of itself. These, however, are the exceptions. A really typical Platt design has nothing alien about it. The old Italian ideal is so tactfully and with such sincerity adjusted to local conditions that the completed work becomes part and parcel of a veritable characteristic American home.

I have no intention of analyzing chronologically the traits of his forty or fifty country houses but will cite one or two representative examples. Woodston, the house at Mount Kisco, long and therefore with an appearance of no great height, terminates at both ends with double decked, deep pillared verandas. There are classical touches in some of the details, and the French windows in the principal façade help to convey an im-

pression of mundane sophistication. But in the same moment in which you note this rather imposing effect your eye roves to the verandas aforesaid or is lifted to the roof, with its adroitly placed chimneys and dormers, and you end by thinking only of the home-like aspect of the design. It has the friendliness of an old Southern manor. Generous in scale as it is, and with an environment to a certain extent formalized, this is richest in the intimate quality to which I have referred. The Manor House at Glen Cove, a larger and weightier edifice, provides another illustration of Platt's subtle simplicity. This, too, is a building of considerable length, a big house of brick, and so sparingly treated with ornament that at first glance it seems almost bare amid its tall trees. Again one thinks of the old American South, of the famous homes built long ago on the James under the influence of Georgian ideas. And again you reflect on the singular ease with which Platt handles a bygone tradition, somehow transforming it into a thing new and original. I hardly know which is the more felicitous, the long, dignified façade with its fine classical portico, or the end of the building that faces the sunken garden, with its pretty *treillage* relieving the lower mass of the great chimney and daintily linking the house to the scheme of trees, shrubs and flowers below. Steps descend at this point but they mark no decisive break between house and garden. There seems, indeed, to be no break at all, for the shrubs, flung here and there amongst the trees on the gently sloping ground, assist one part of the design to melt as it were into the other. I have found it very interesting to trace through house after house in the long series of Platt's designs this deft, sensitive way that he has of arranging the so important matter of approach. He is never baffled and he is never abrupt. The driveway or the walk giving access to the house may be never so broad and magnificent or never so restricted and nominally casual—in either case it seems the one artery of movement dictated by the position and character of the house.

In short Platt sees his problem steadily and sees it whole. His houses, which begin by fitting their sites, have invariably a quiet and distinguished way of looking as though he had conceived them with the invention that goes to the making of a good picture or statue. Each has a personality which is the more beguiling and stays the more delightfully in the mind because it discloses no single salient feature but is "all of a piece." Good proportions have been at the bottom of his unbroken sequence of beautiful houses, good proportions and an extraordinary linear charm. Line is, of course, one of the great architectural solvents, but the important point is to make the beholder feel this, not through decorative expedients but through the expression of underlying form. The lines of Eastover, at New London, are full of the discreet eloquence that I would indicate. Those in the course of stone marking the second floor, with those of the cornice and the roof, have no unduly assertive significance, but, as you ponder on this simple façade, you presently see how vertical and horizontal lines everywhere have been brought into an exquisite balance. Something of this sort I have found, over and over again, accounting for the pleasure I get from Platt's designs. I enjoy the broad masses of his composition, the spacing of his walls, the placing of doors and windows—always admirably expressive of the organic plan within—but in the long run I am forever returning to the simple and yet so thoughtfully arranged lines of his façades. They bring me back also to the matter of his detail, where he is reserved very nearly to the point of austerity. I wonder sometimes if he does not feel ill at ease, if he does not suffer an actual pang, when the moment arrives for a really necessary bit of decoration on the external walls of a house. He will do something with the porch, for there he cannot help himself, and, while he is about it, he will make it a handsome porch, with good pillars, possibly permitting himself a balcony above it. But in the main he is a spartan about ornament. Now and then a downright inspiration will destroy all his resolution. Witness the flower boxes at the sills of the second story windows in the house at Glen Cove mentioned above. To the connoisseur of little architectural touches it would seem worth while to have built the whole house just for the sake of that detail, which has a positively endearing effect. The relief the boxes give, the shadow they secure, are trifling, to be sure, but it is just such trifles that, in the right hands, contribute largely to a



work of art. Yes, Platt is indeed, "at bottom, a practical man," thinking of the little things, and then, with wise judgment, welding them all together.

He does it in the garden both on its formal side and in the freer but still quietly disciplined corners where the old fashioned flowers grow. He does it, as we have seen, in his façades and he goes on doing it where, I suppose, it is of most importance for the people who live in his houses—in his planning and in his decoration. I would cite particularly for its plan the Villa at Lake Forest, an Italian, but not in the smallest degree exotic, design. The drawings are set forth in this book, so I need not describe them. I wish here only to point out the perfect economy of space, the ideal disposition of the rooms, and the equally ideal provision for the circulation of light and air. By some lucky dispensation Platt's clients seem usually to give him plenty of space. He never wastes any of it, and, in fact, even when he is planning on a pretty large scale, he seems to me to keep his living quarters compact. It is a simple, swift affair to go through the halls, the staircase landings are well placed, bath rooms are precisely where they belong, and, while one may get readily from one room to another, the doorways do not fall into too close relation. He combines smoothness for the general domestic machinery and ease of access to every point in the house with the maximum of privacy for each room. Having done this he proceeds to make the house from top to bottom extraordinarily artistic and engaging. There his Italianism comes into play, and, at the same instant, his rare, intensely personal and well-nigh impeccable taste. Talking once about tapestries, brocades, and kindred stuffs he told me that he liked, now and then, to empty one of his old Italian chests of its fragments of Genoese velvet and embroidered vestments, slowly putting the pieces back, one by one, and just looking them over. There was sheer pleasure in the process—but the revealing point for me was that all that gleaming loveliness went back into the chest. That was very like Platt. Beauty is indispensable to him but he does not want to be surfeited by it and what he feels in his own savoring of color and texture he feels when he comes to decorate a room. He has done more than any of his contemporaries to justify the vogue of those interiors which have come to express our cosmopolitan culture, the interiors filled with furniture and other objects rescued from Renaissance Europe and from antiquity. The patient collector is not by any means the only type to-day who "goes in" for Elizabethan four-posters, Florentine wedding chests, Flemish tapestries and miscellaneous old marbles and bronzes. These things enter many a house along with the new chairs and carpets, quite as a matter of course, as so many furnishings. They go in all at once too. They are the raw material out of which architect and client fashion an ensemble both utilitarian and decorative. It is a peculiarly modern development, interestingly allied with both the spread of education and the increase in wealth. When the historian of American manners reaches the chapter which is bound to be dedicated to the subject he will find it a gold mine of social psychology, and, incidentally, he will come across some delightful humors. Grubbing amongst old anecdotes he will chuckle over the quaint ways and the formidable influence of the dealers and he will note the foibles of some architects. Here and there the fearful and wonderful achievements of the latter will explain to him how, in the course of this lavish period of ours, it was not uncommon for the cynically irreverent to describe one celebrated home or another as a repository of junk. Who has not seen the house, more like a museum, and a very poor one at that, than like a home? I cannot but allude to these instances of foolish extravagance and vulgar taste for, as we turn from them to one of Platt's rooms the contrast is wonderfully illuminating. His *flair* for the right tapestry, the right old chair, or the right monumental carved mantelpiece is exactly equalled by his judgment in finding the right spots for them, and in harmonizing together the few such objects which he brings into a room. As a rule, there are indeed but few of them, in proportion to the space in which they are assembled, and the painted or panelled walls, the cornice, the doorways, and the very electric light fixtures are as surely kept beautifully in hand. What impresses me, too, is that Platt's incurable restraint never lands him in stiffness or preciosity. His Italian

or other European interiors seem to be acclimatized in the simplest fashion; nay, they are personalized, and by that I mean not alone the communication of his taste and style to the scheme, but the investiture of the latter with that individual character which we have observed in his façades. He has a way of making a well-appointed room beautiful without causing you to notice any specific thing in it. Afterwards you may recall some exquisite *cassone* against the wall or the tapestry above it; but when you were in the room you merely felt at home, very comfortable, and with a sense of refined charm about you.

Is not that the quintessence of art in domestic architecture? And in identifying this secret of Platt's success are we not approaching a true estimate of his rank as a profoundly American artist? I come back to that matter of tradition, of style, with which these few words of appreciation were begun. It would be idle to question Platt's indebtedness to the past or what he owes more especially to Italian precedent both in his buildings and in his gardens. Tradition, of a sort, is in his blood and he could not do without it. Yet his originality, his essential independence, remains untinged. There is nothing factitious in his work, nothing that is done from the outside. All proceeds from a central inspiration, from the creative instinct, craving the outlet of beauty, which has made him etch, and paint, and build, as with an imperious force. He makes a work of art because he cannot help himself. The constructive nature of the artist must out. It is this fact which has made him such a commanding figure in the field of architecture as a designer of houses. He was born to design them. He could not but make them beautiful. In the sphere of monumental motives he has not hitherto been so widely known, but on the occasions on which he has entered it his work has had singular merits. The Lowell Memorial Fountain in New York is a felicitous case in point. There his gift for line came into action and he produced a design in which weight and loveliness are splendidly fused. The one or two skyscrapers he has erected—the huge mass of studio apartments on Lexington Avenue in New York, and the "Leader-News" office building in Cleveland—offer a peculiarly enlightening lesson to the architectural student in their good proportions, their simplicity, and their refined detail. They are models of taste and distinction, where edifices of the sort in our time are lacking in nothing as they are lacking in just those qualities. And if, with all their fineness and beauty, they are not, perhaps, the most characteristic of his works, the richest in his subtler traits, it is hardly his fault. Platt strikes a full, rich note in his art only when he expresses himself, the strange, indefinable complexity of emotion, invention, and taste which is his personality, and somehow a skyscraper is never the ideal vehicle for the denotement of these things. I have often reflected with a specially sympathetic interest on the solution of a difficult problem which he chose to adopt when he built the large but not very tall commercial structure on the west side of Times Square in New York. The obvious, easy expedient for an architect confronted by the task here involved was to frame a bold rococo design, robust enough to hold its own against the blare of Broadway in its most vicious mood. But Platt could not for the life of him have dabbled in those turbid waters. He had to be himself. He had to be the man of pure taste, the man of perfect style. Hence the lonesomeness of the building in question, which lifts its delicate white façade above the crash of the city like some modest flower strayed into the jungle. As we pause on that wild spot to admire the architect's courage and his fidelity to his principles we are thrown back upon the conviction, that he doesn't, after all, belong there. The triumphs of the city, whether he wins them or not, are not those which he is happiest and most himself in pursuing. Beauty, the reality of his dream, reveals itself to him to-day as it did years ago when he was painting pictures, which is to say in Nature's clean, fragrant paths. He is at peace with his art in the "green silence" of the poet, in the light and color of gardens, in the quietude of houses where one dwells with finely wrought possessions, symbols of the things of the mind. Under such conditions his ideas expand and he puts forth noble energies. You know when you follow his footsteps that an artist has passed that way.

New York, September 30, 1913.

ROYAL CORTISZOZ.

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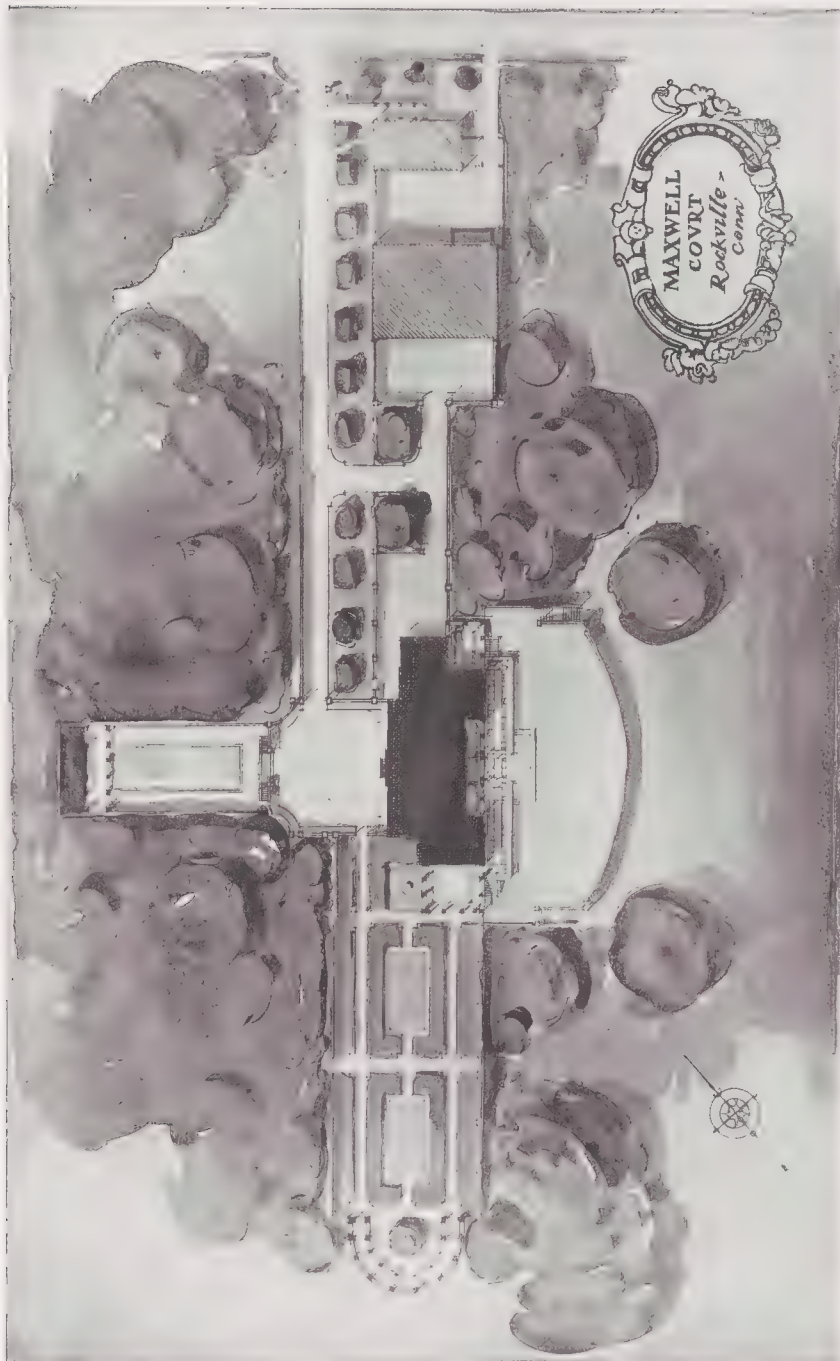
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MAXWELL COURT



GARDEN WALK

MAXWELL COURT



PLAN OF THE GARDENS

MAXWELL COURT



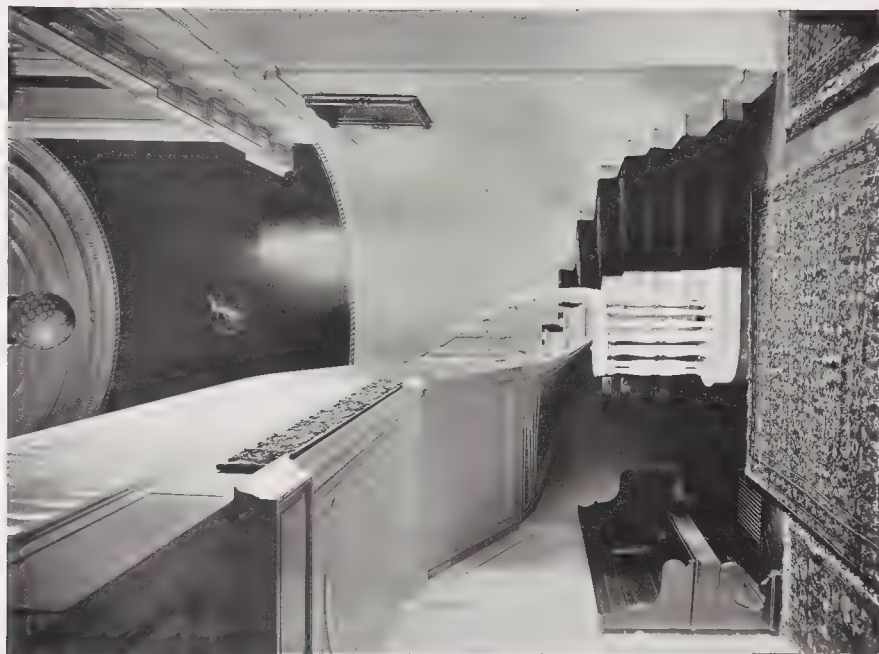
THE TERRACE



MAXWELL COURT



HALL



STAIRCASE

MAXWELL COURT



SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR



LIBRARY

MAXWELL COURT



WEST VIEW

MAXWELL COURT

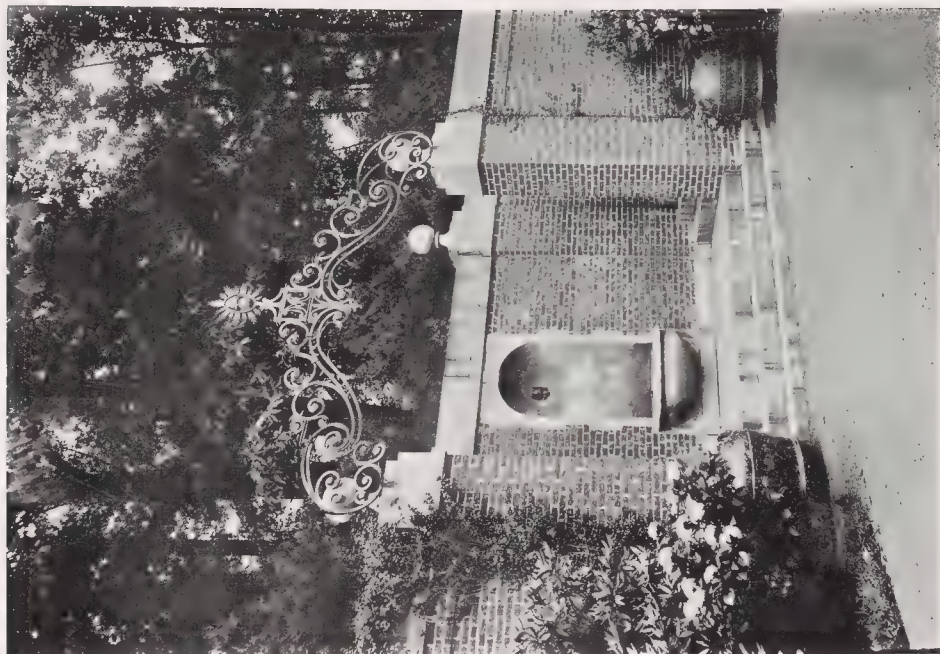
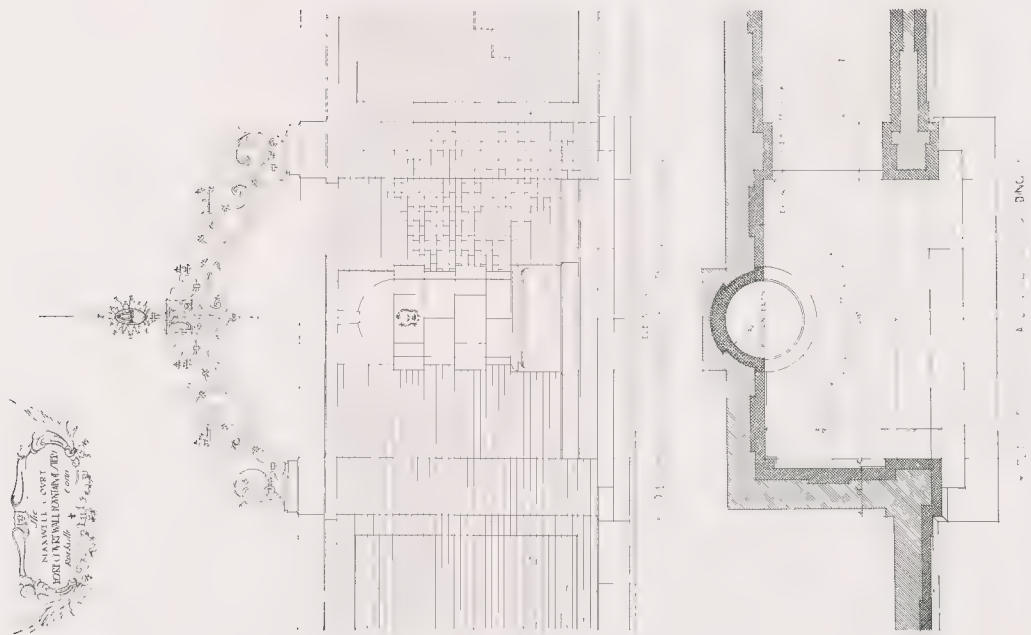


PERGOLA



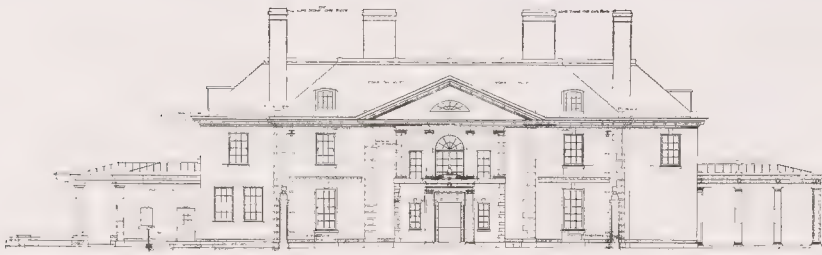
THE GARDEN

MAXWELL COURT

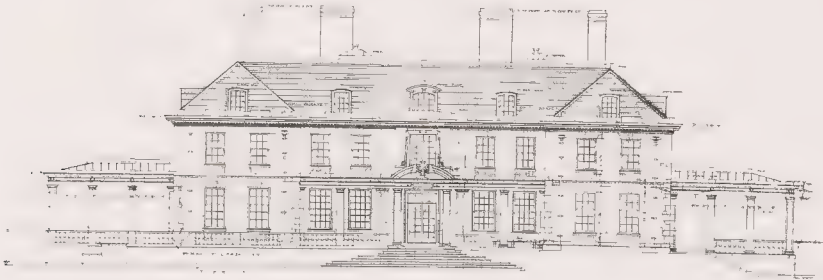


WALL FOUNTAIN FROM COURT

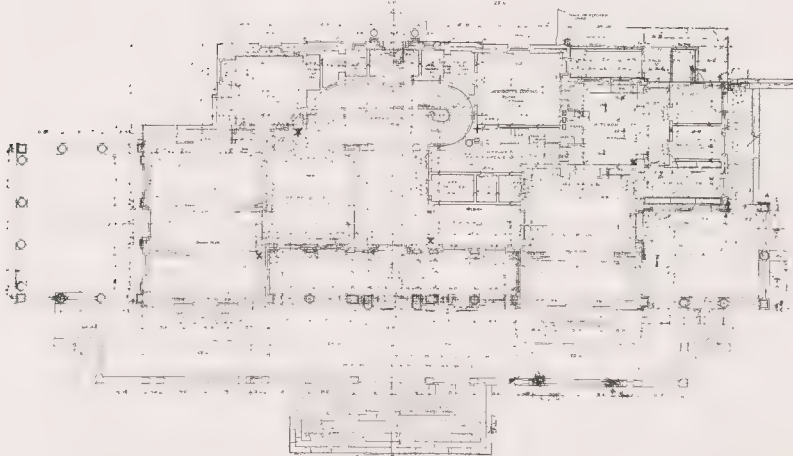
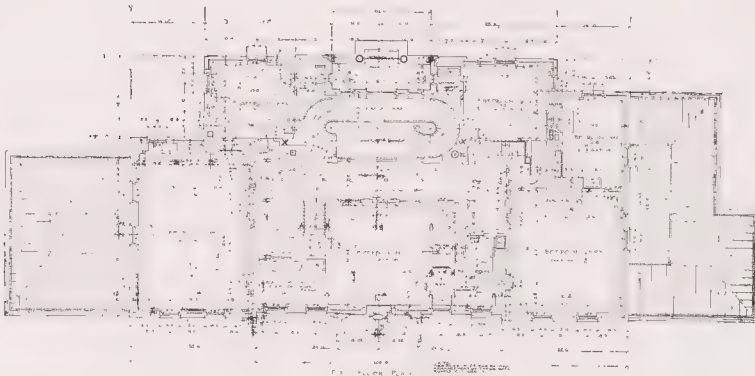
MAXWELL COURT



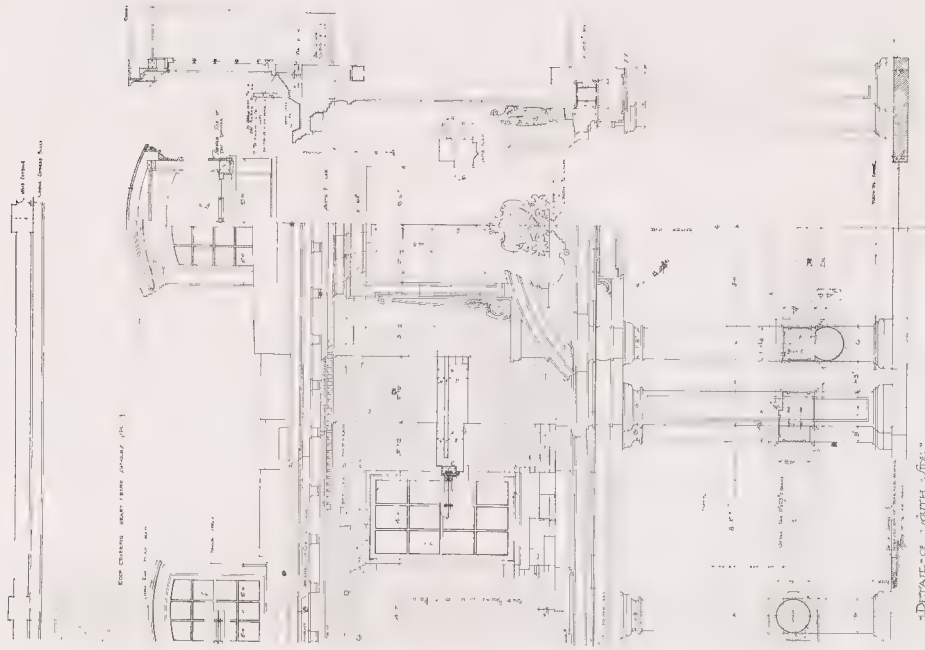
NORTH ELEVATION.



SOUTH ELEVATION.



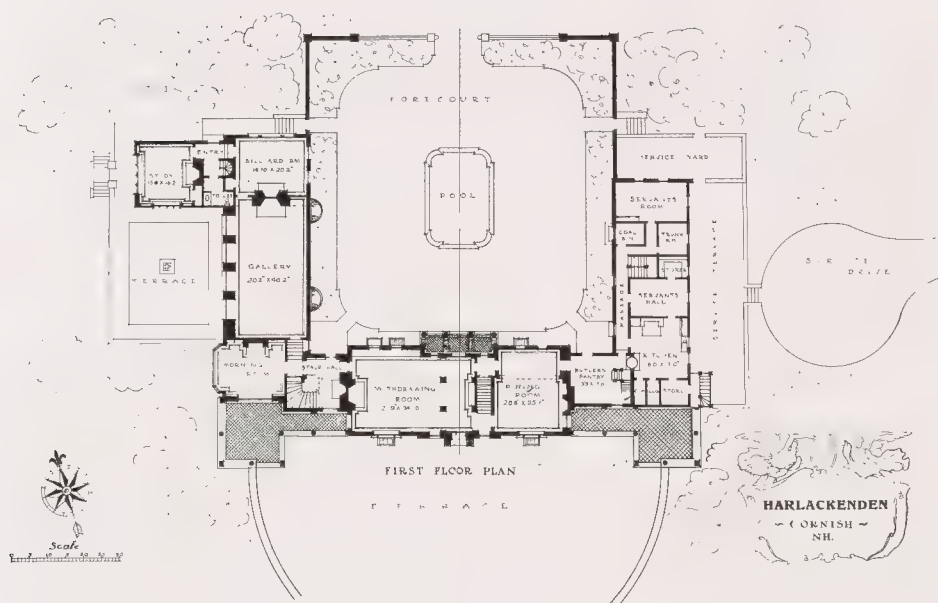
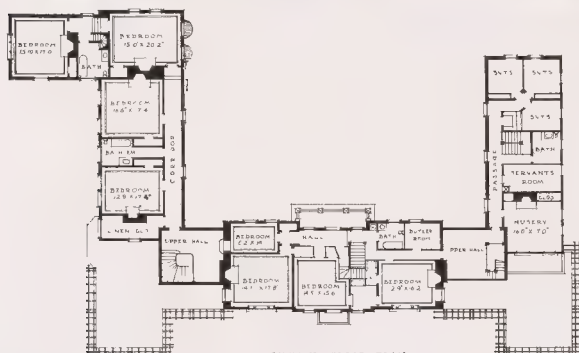
MAXWELL COURT



HIGH COURT



HARLACKENDEN HOUSE





HARLACKENDEN HOUSE



SOUTH FRONT



EAST LOGGIA



GALLERY





GARDEN PORTICO



APPROACH



SYLVANNIA



LIBRARY

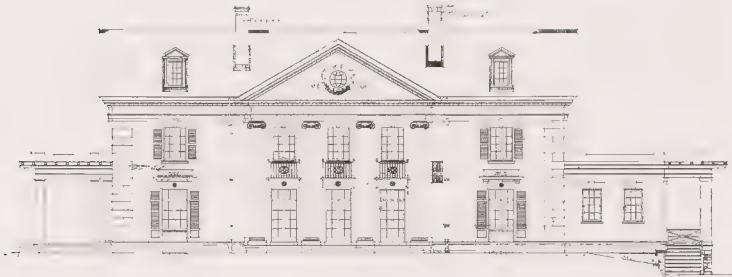


DRAWING ROOM

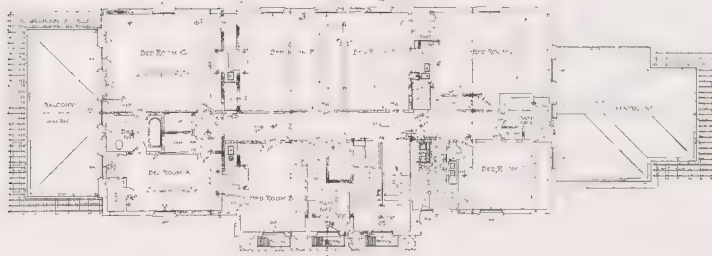
SYLVANIA



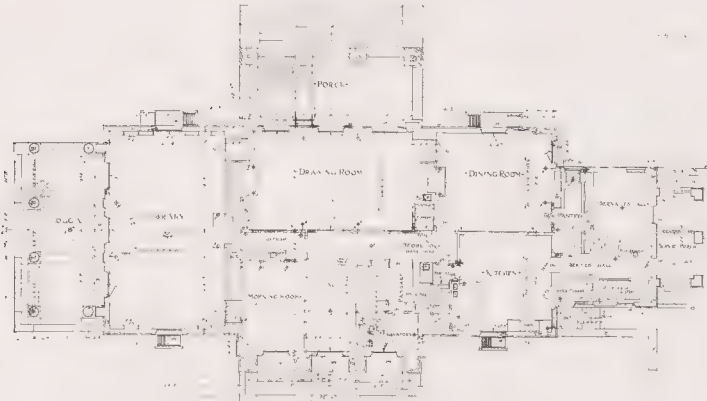
WEST ELEVATION



EAST ELEVATION



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



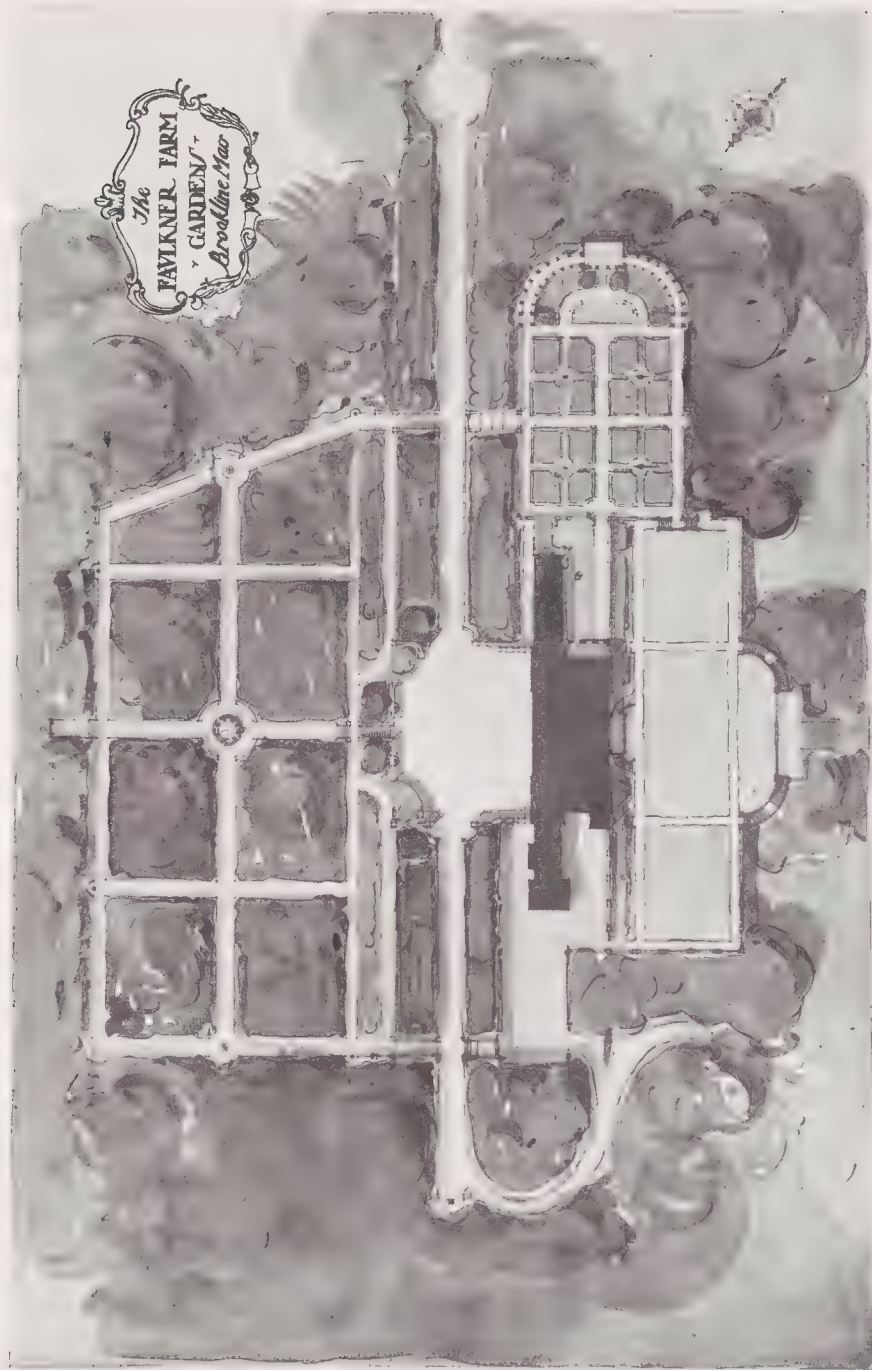
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

FAULKNER FARM—GARDENS



THE CASINO









GARDEN



CASINO STEPS



PERGOLA



DETAIL IN PERGOLA

FAULKNER FARM—GARDENS



GARDEN GATE



THE PARAPET

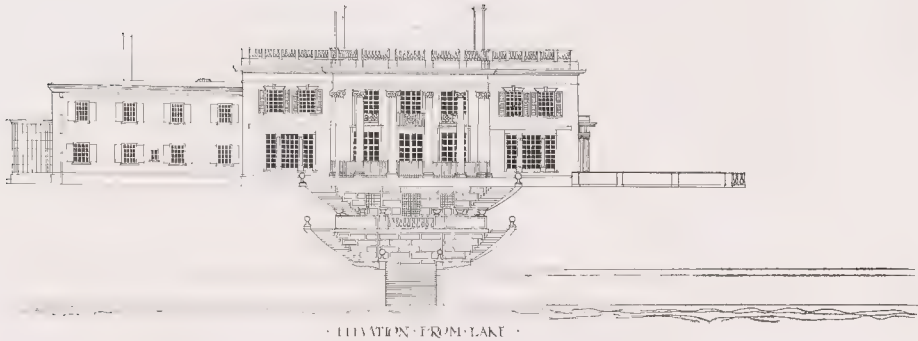




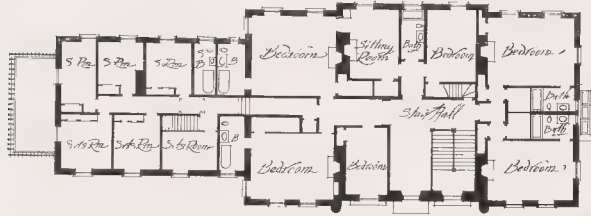
LAKE FRONT



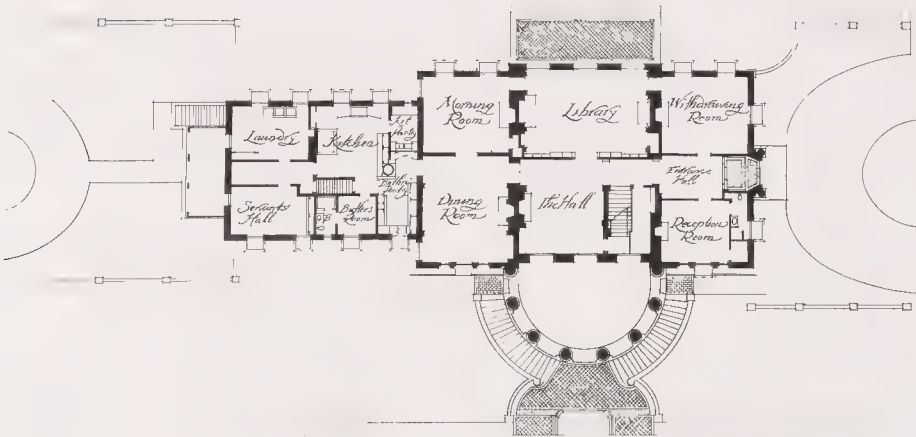
GWINN



ELEVATION FROM LAKE



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN





THE GARDEN





JOS. S. TRAVELER



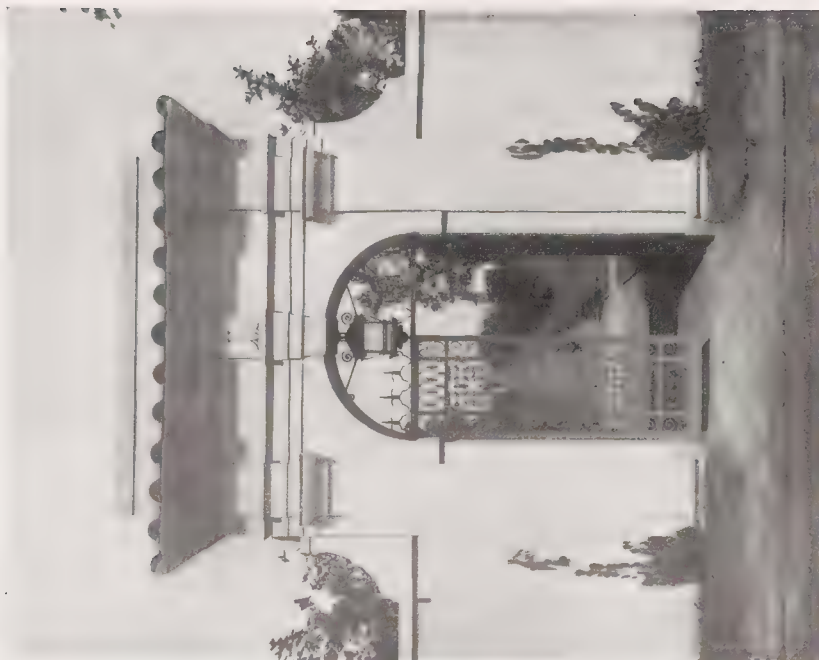
NORTH PORTICO



NORTH TERRACE

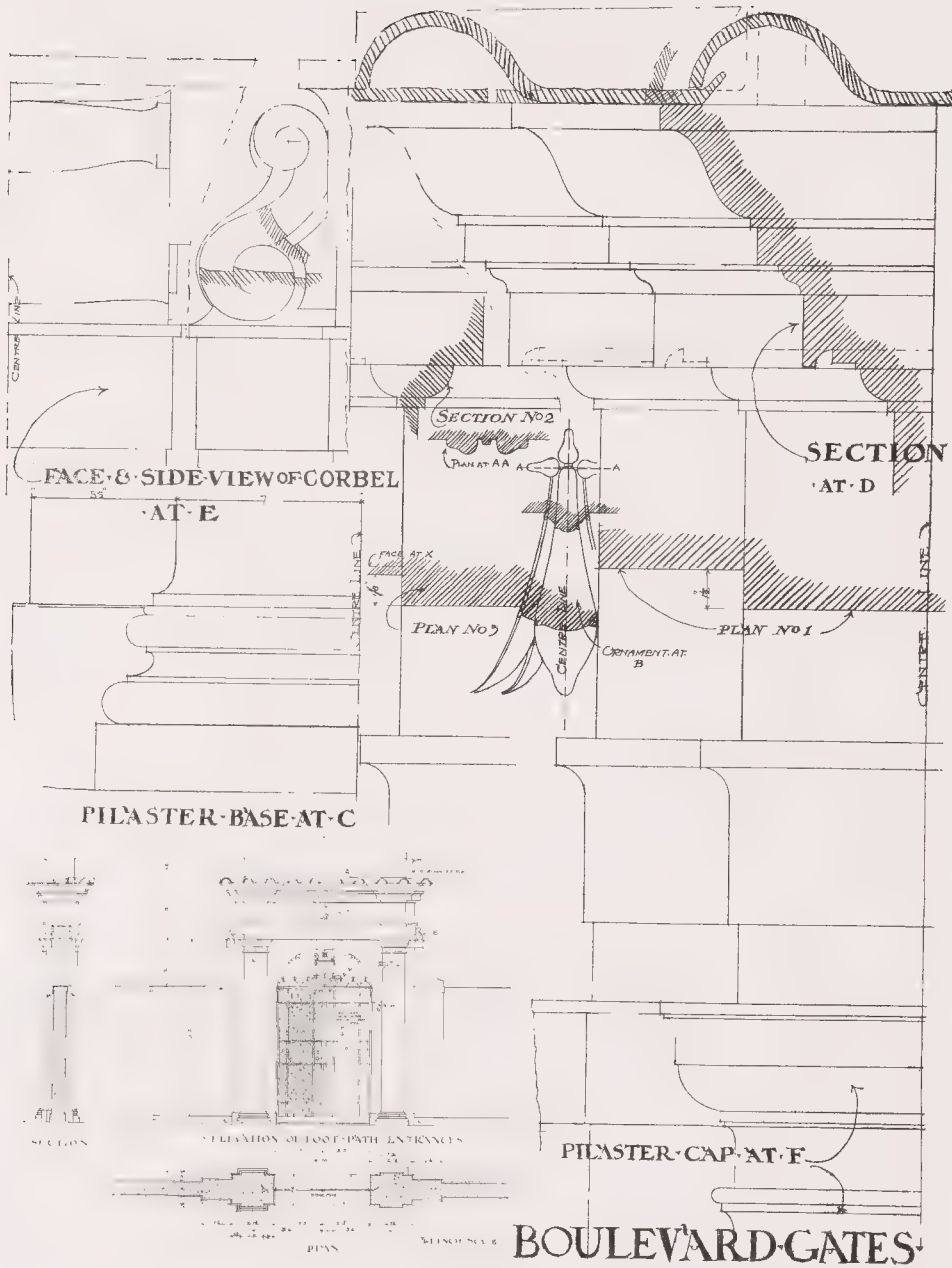


ENTRANCE DOOR

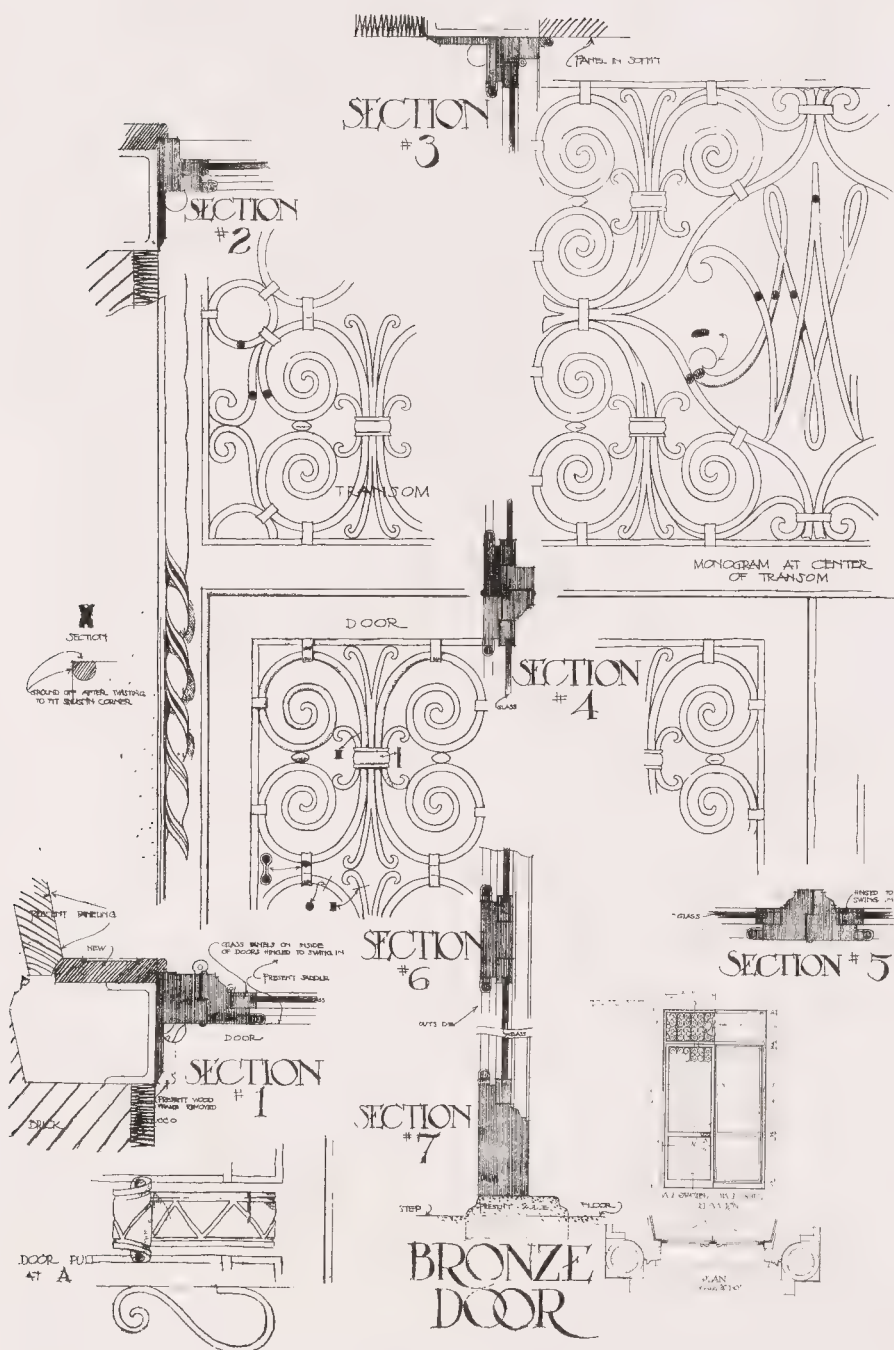


GARDEN GATE

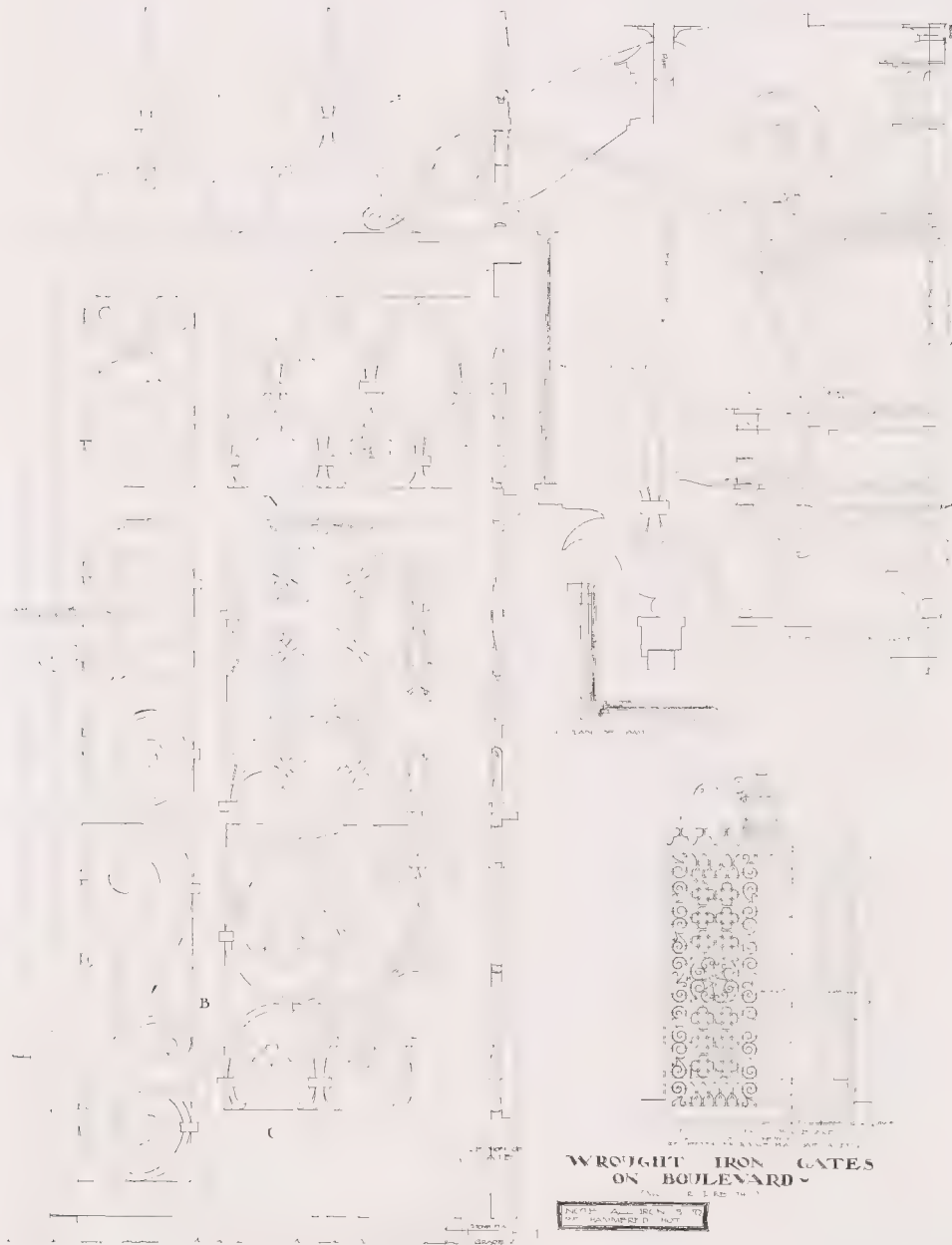
GWINN



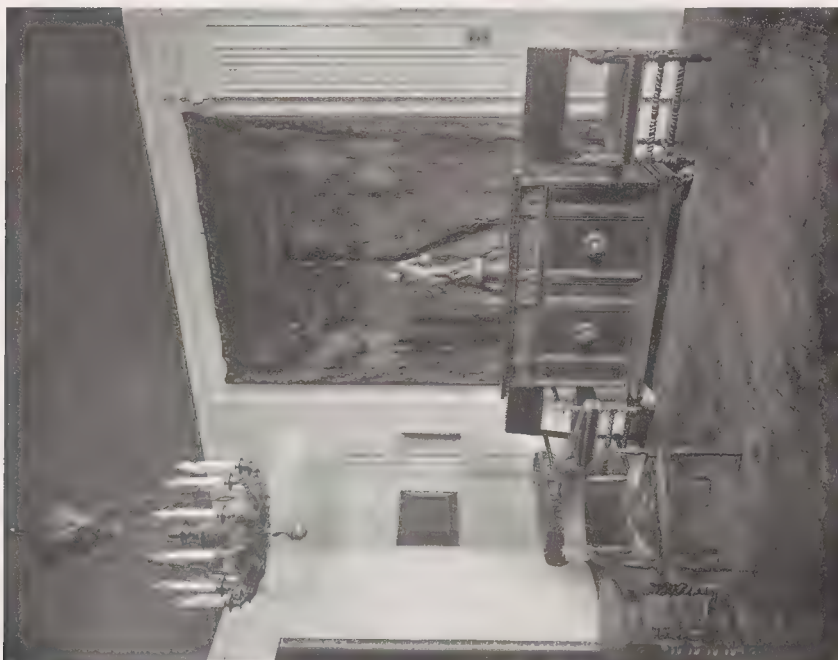
GWINN



GWINN







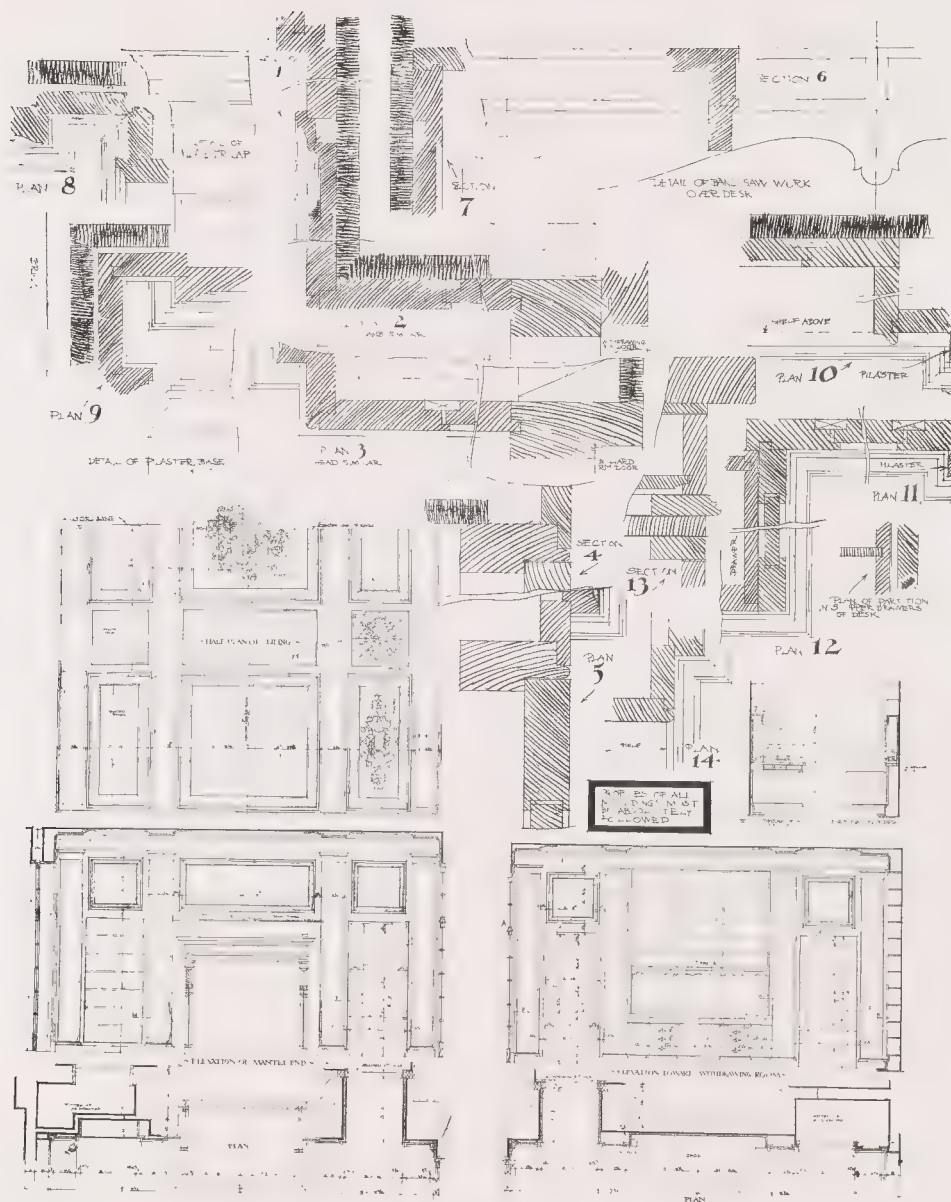
HALL



LIBRARY



GWINN



~LIBRARY~

GWINN

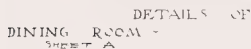


HALL

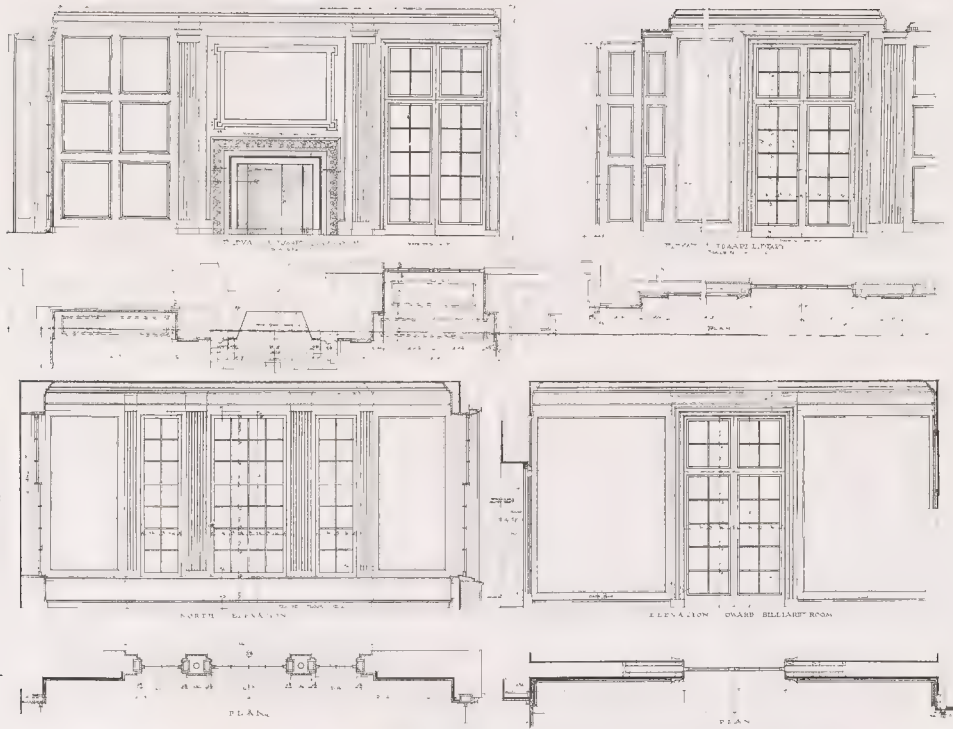


LIBRARY

GWINN

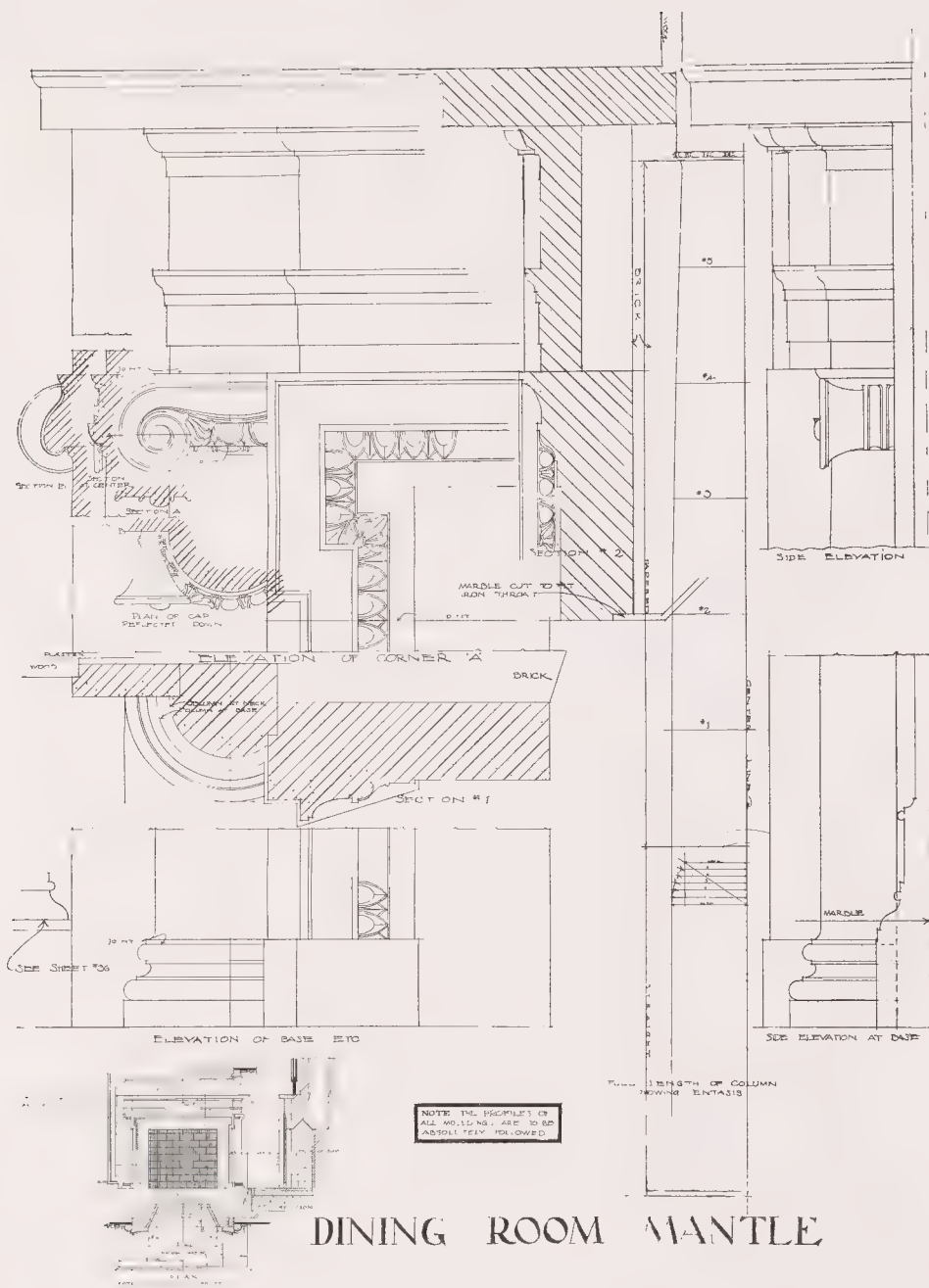


GWINN

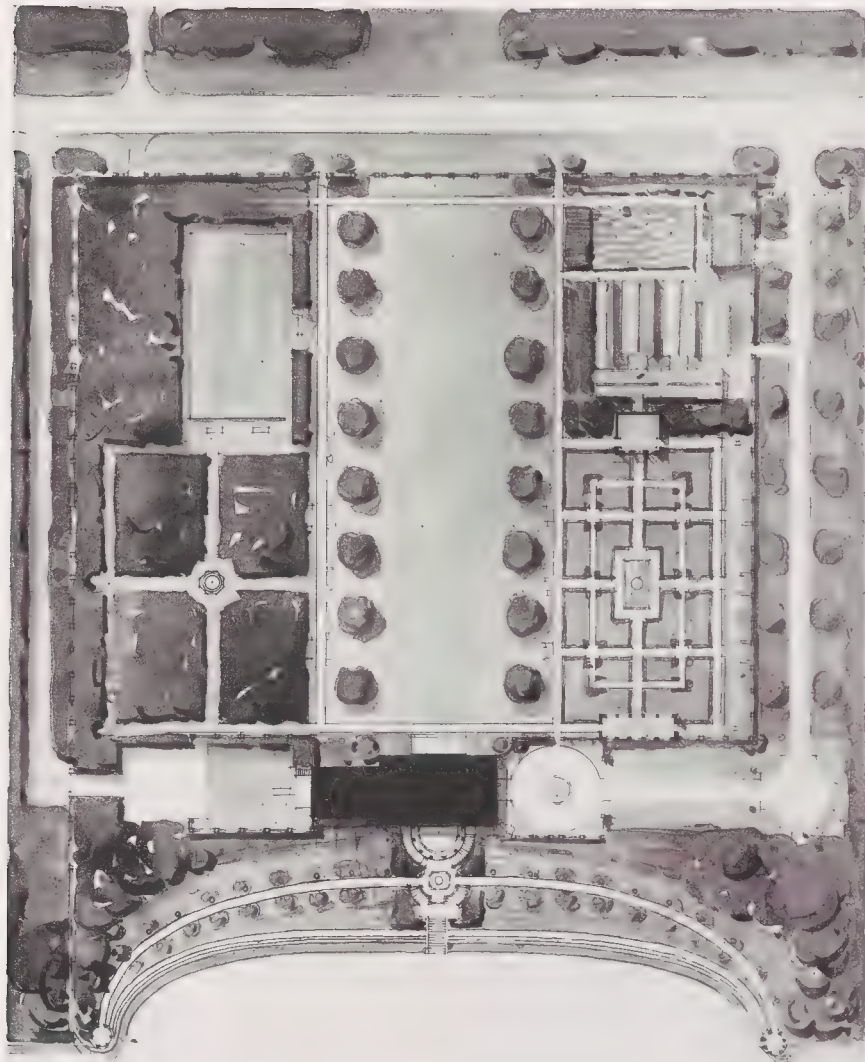


DINING ROOM





GWINN



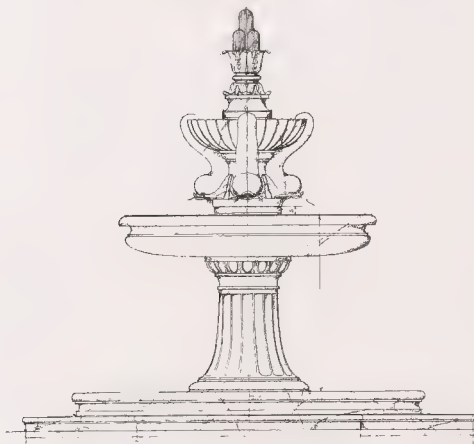
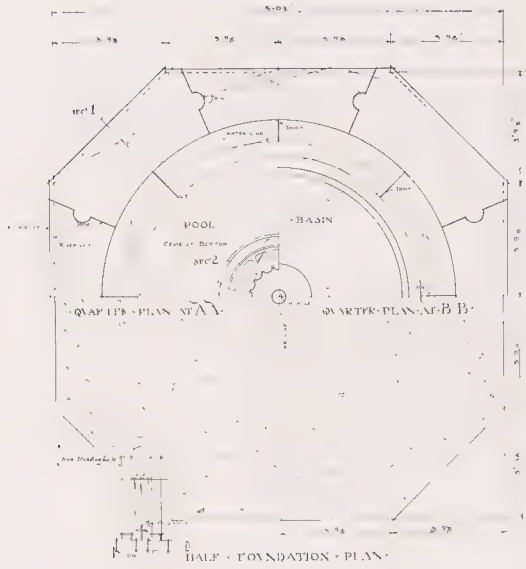
GWINN



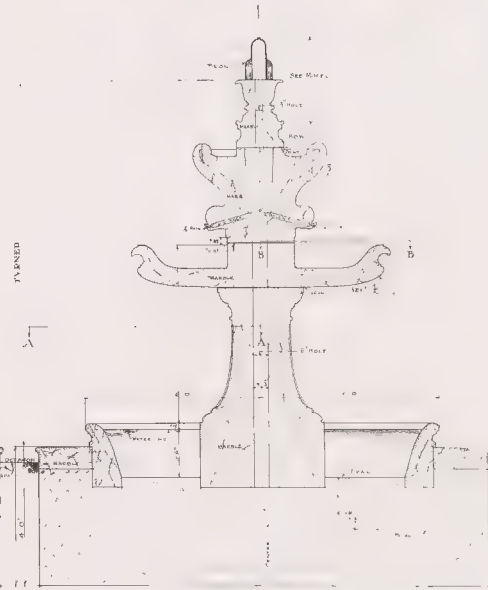
TERRACE FOUNTAIN



GWINN



ELEVATION



SECTION

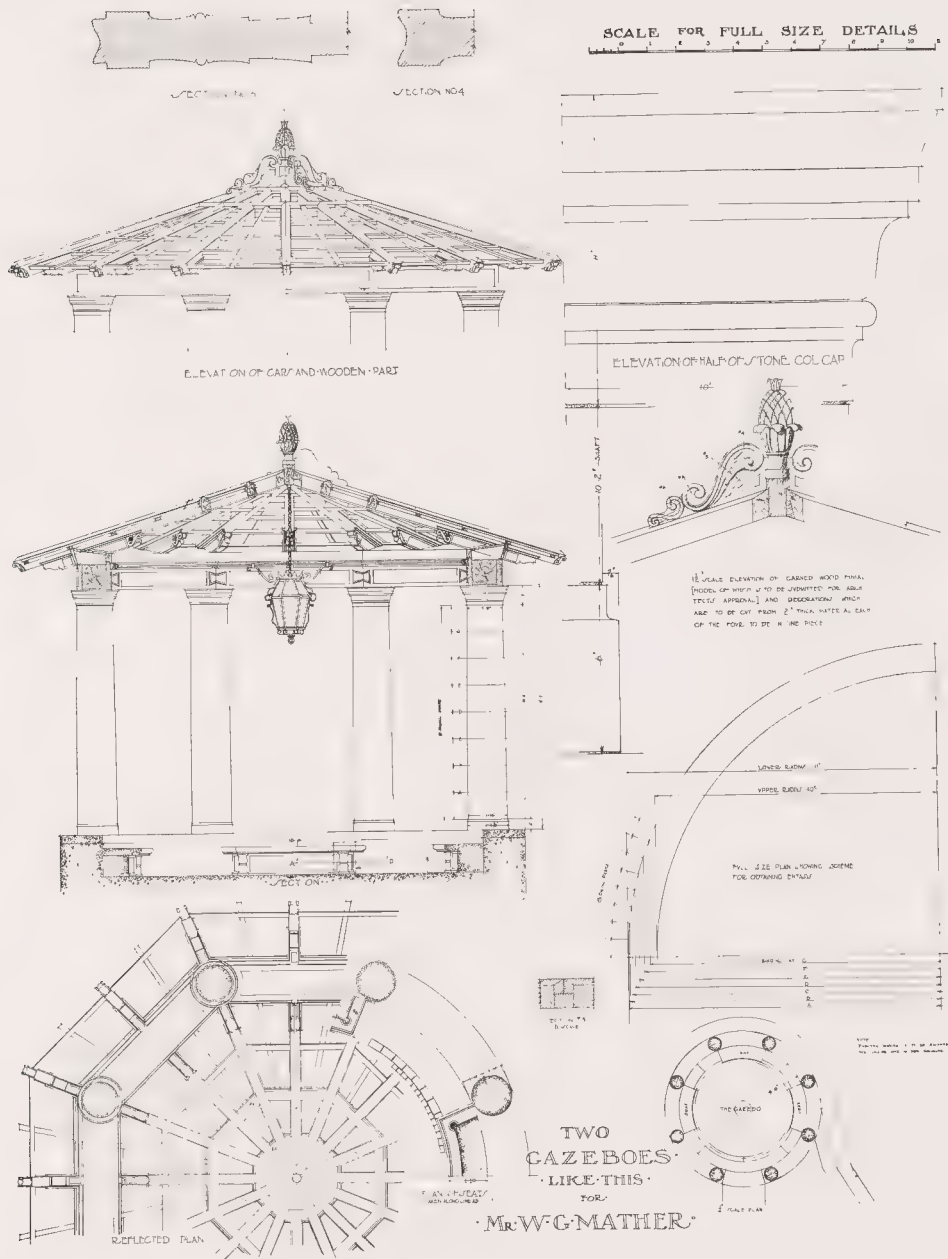
34. DETAILS OF FOYNTAIN IN WOODS TWO-SHEETS

GWINN



THE CAZARO

GWINN

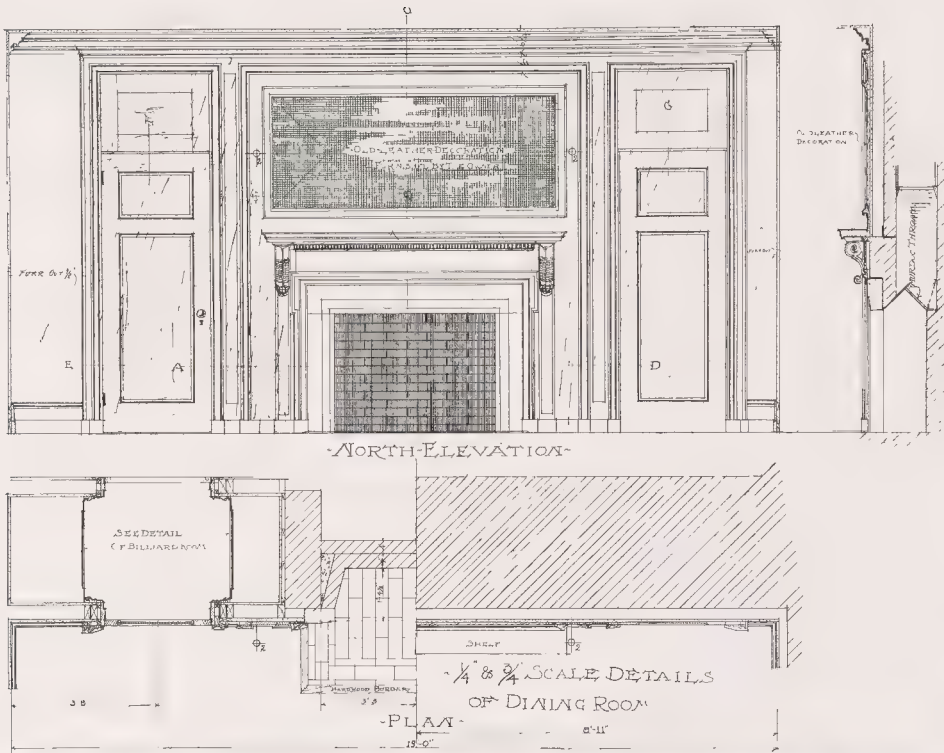




THE EAST ELEVATION

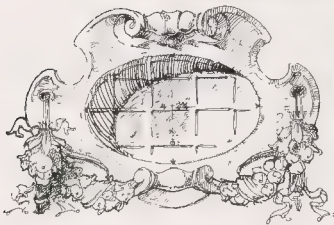
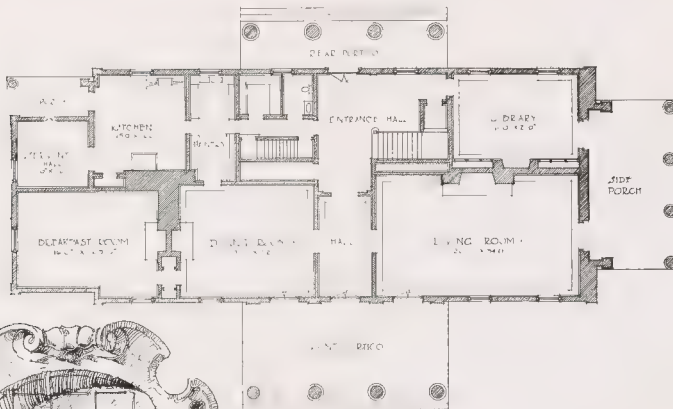
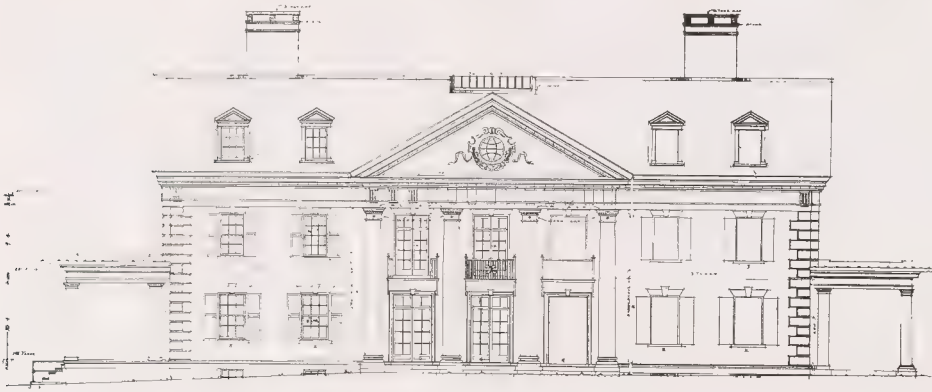


VILLASERA



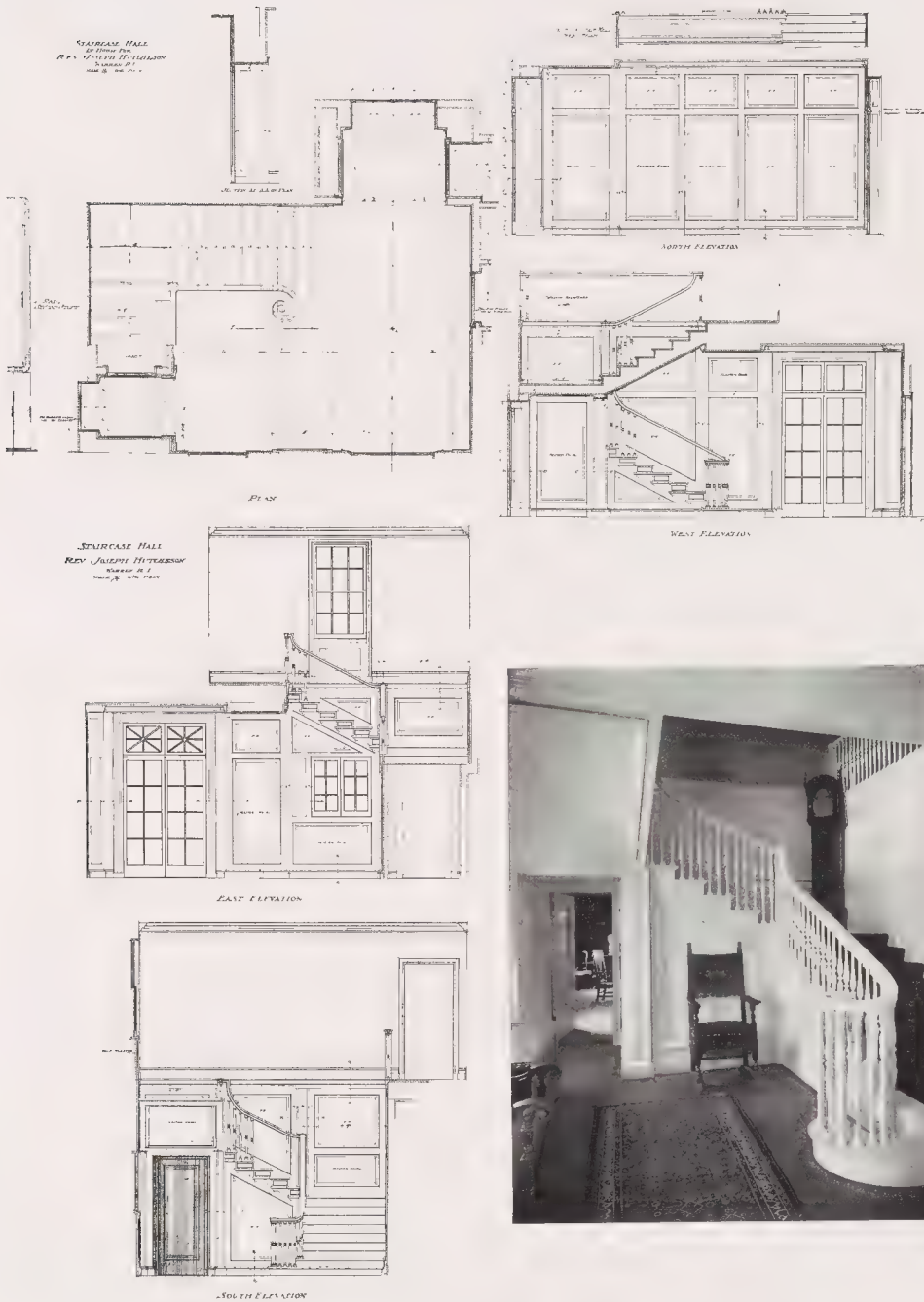
DINING ROOM

VILLASERA





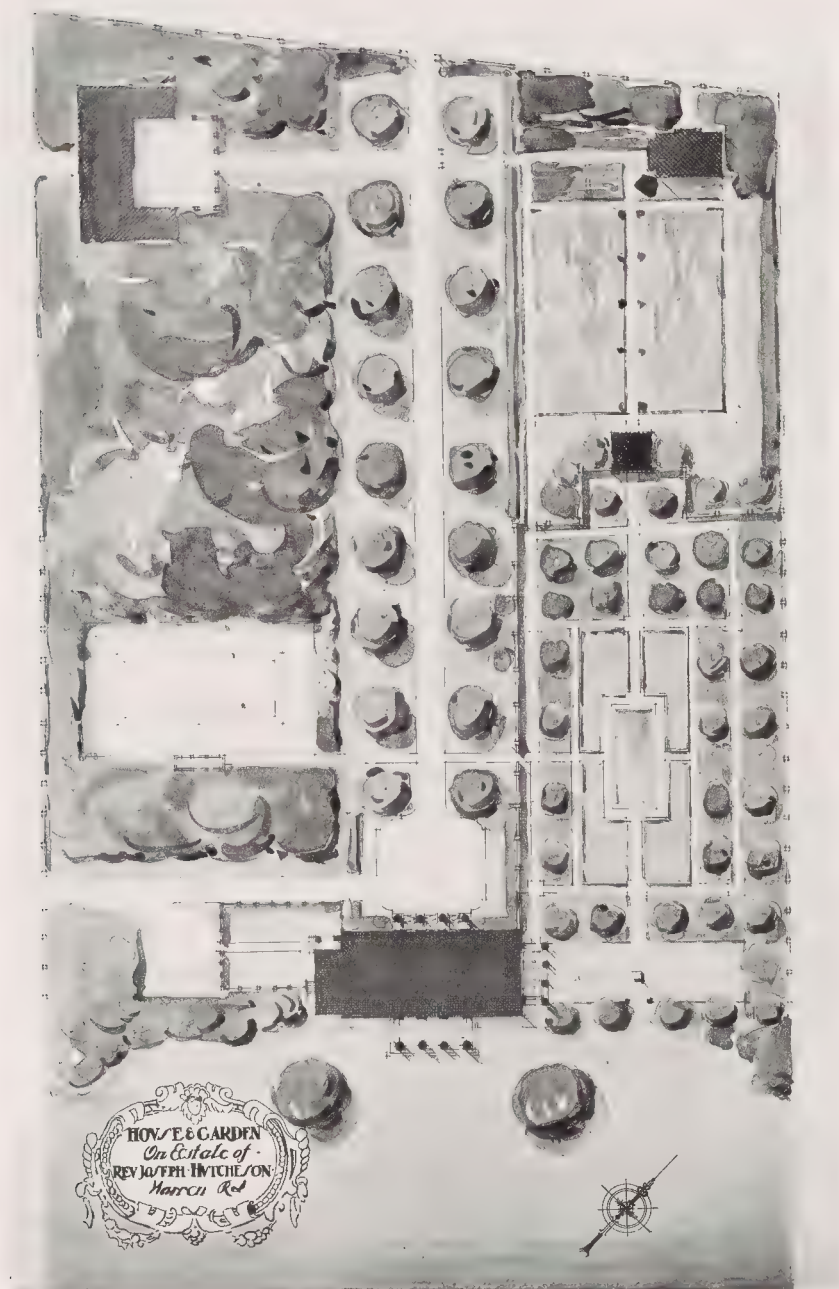
VILLASERA



STAIR HALL



VILLASERA





VILLASERA



GARDEN LOOKING EAST



GARDEN LOOKING WEST



GARDEN AT POMFRET, CONN.



LOOKING EAST



AT THE POOL

GARDEN AT POMFRET, CONN.



FROM TERRACE



UPPER TERRACE



ENTRANCE



PERGOLA

EASTOVER



WEST FRONT



FROM THE GARDEN



EASTOVER



LOGGIA



FROM THE GARDEN

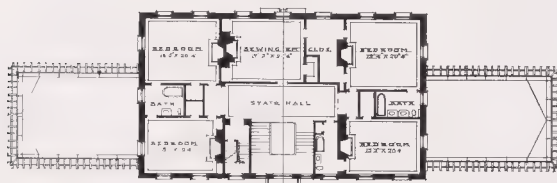
EASTOVER



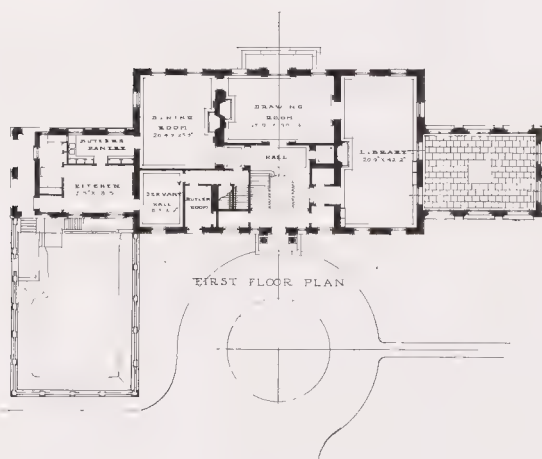
EAST ELEVATION



WEST ELEVATION



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



Scale
0 5 10 15 20 25 30



Charles H. Hall
- Architect -

EASTOVER

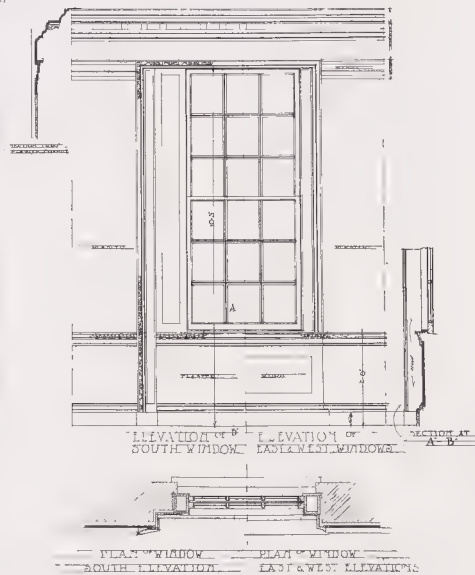
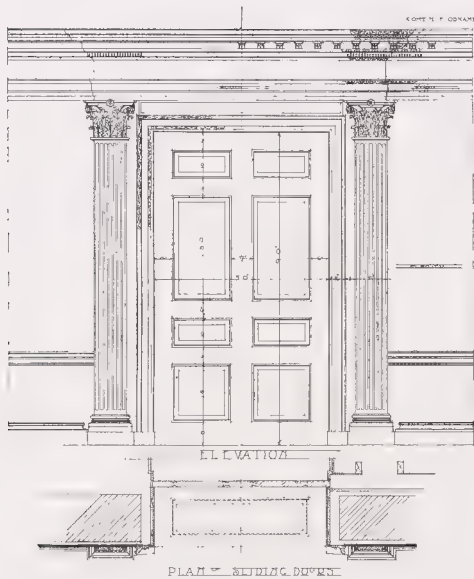
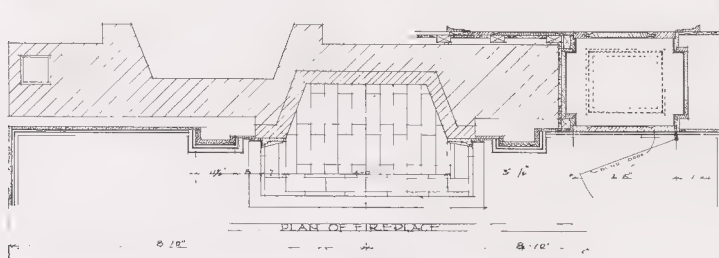
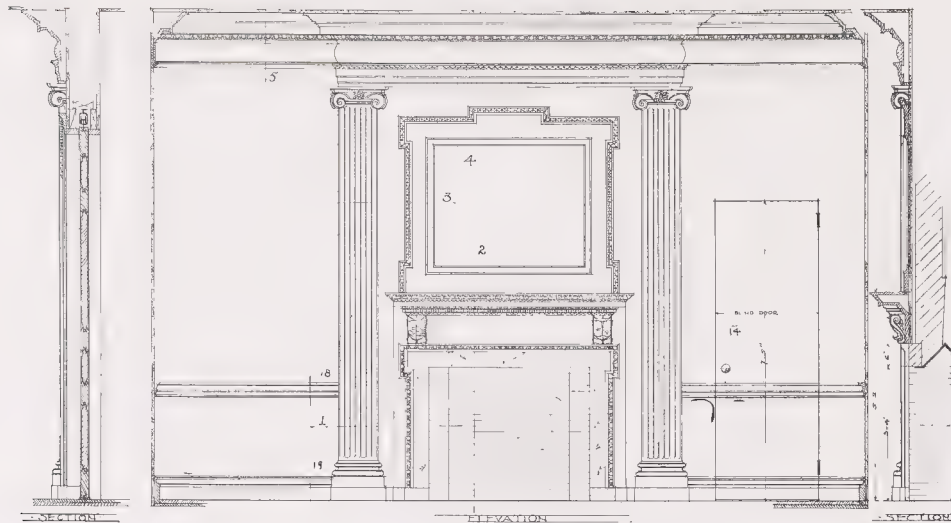


DINING ROOM

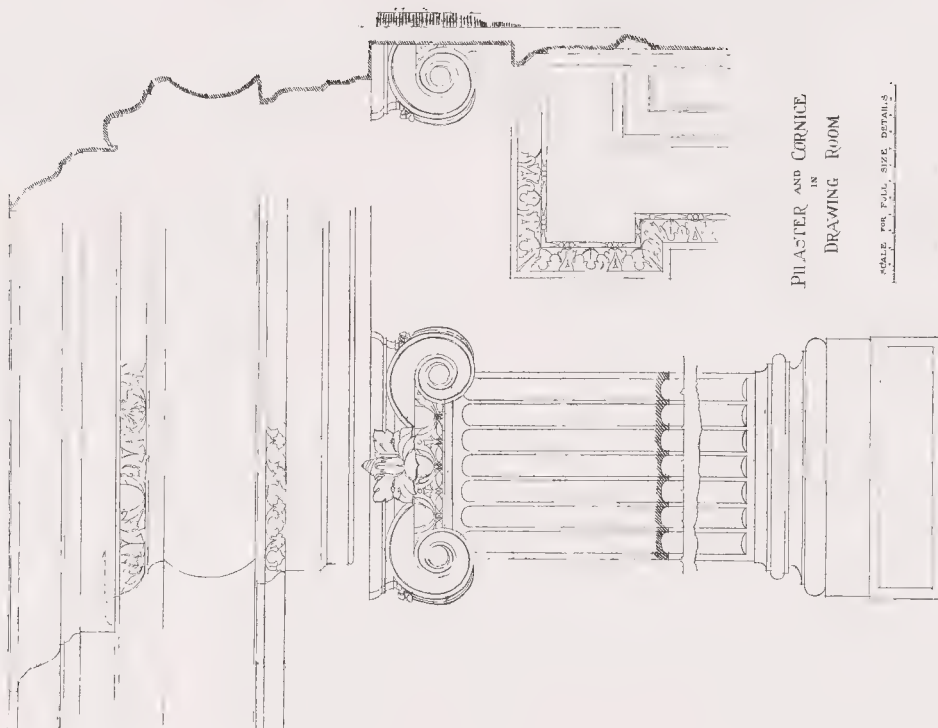
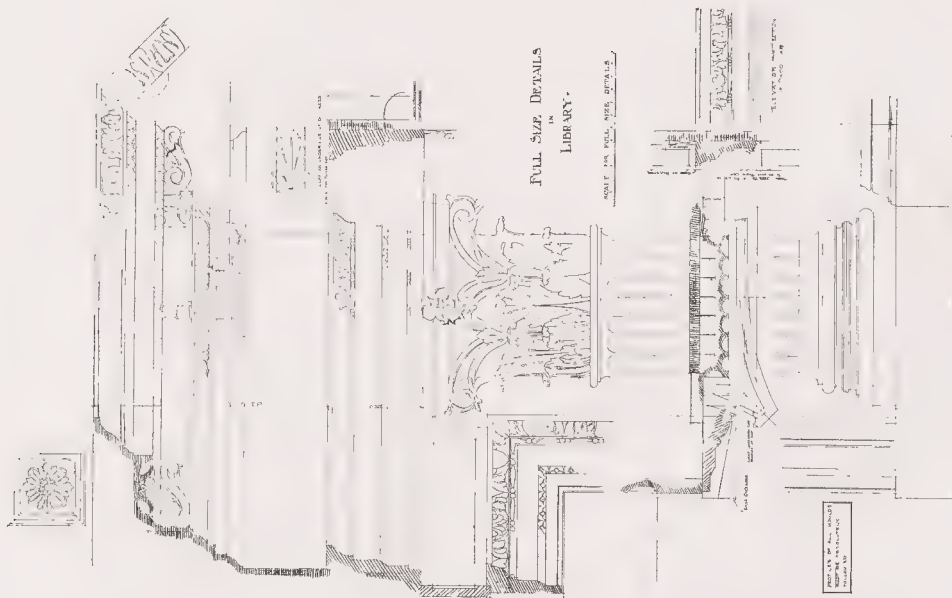


DRAWING ROOM

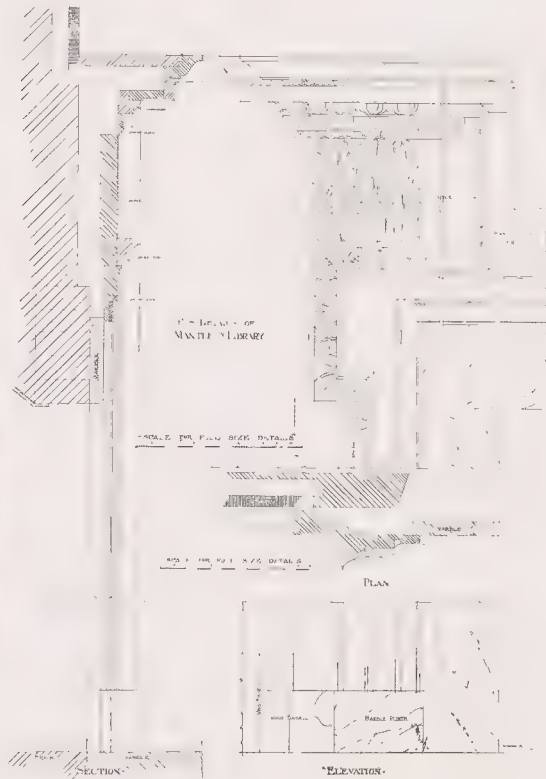
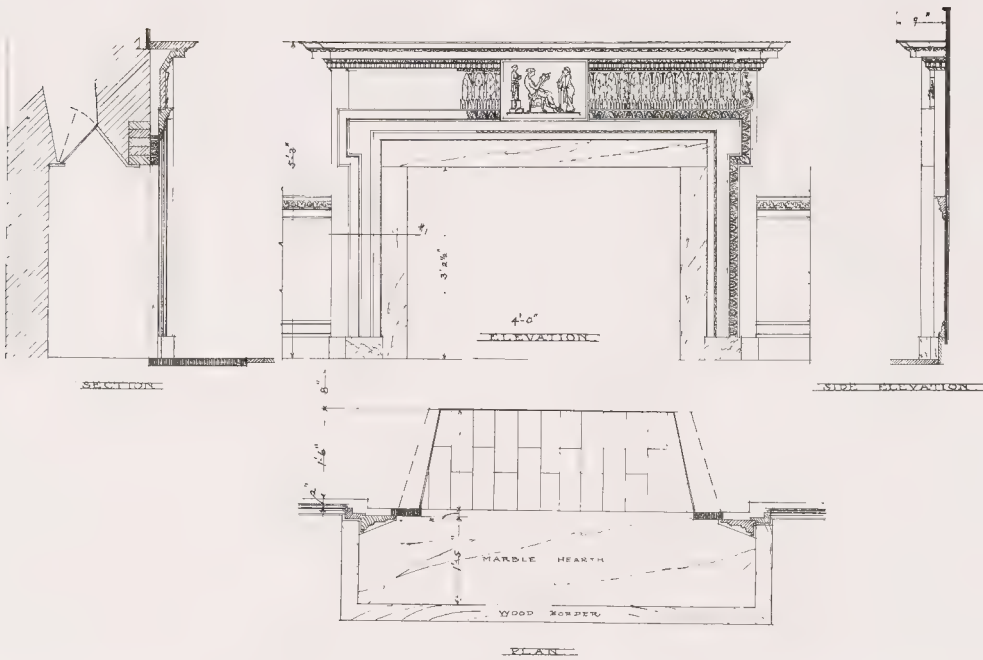
EASTOVER



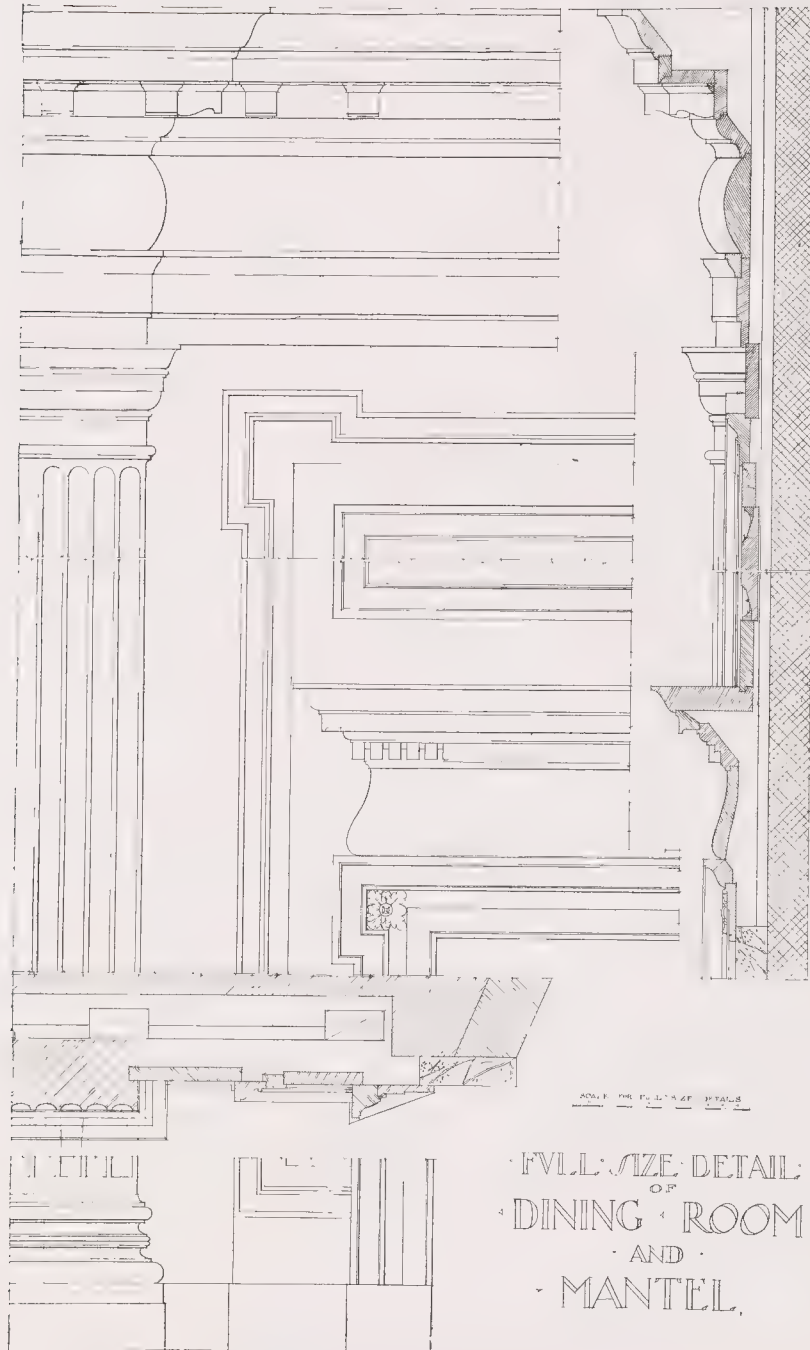




EASTOVER

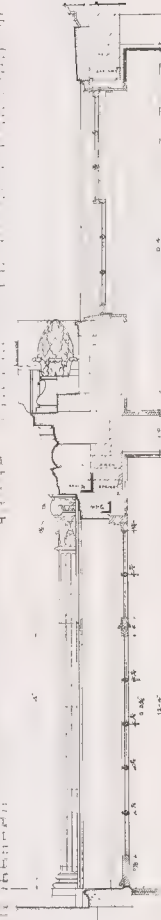
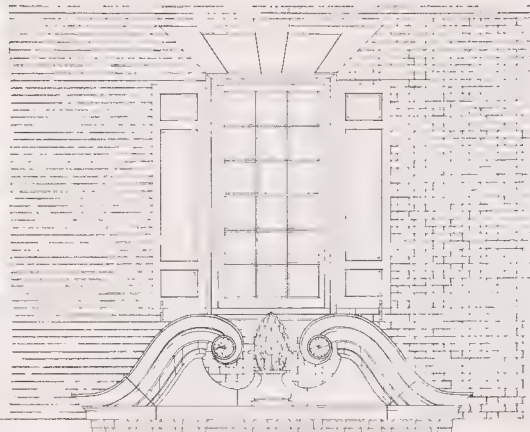


EASTOVER

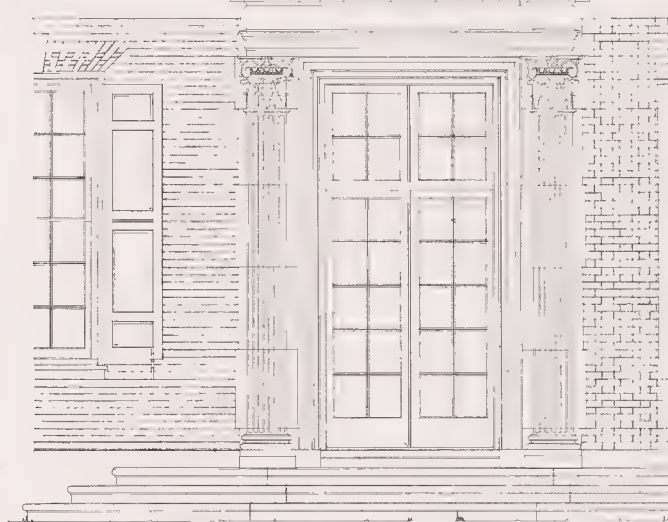




EASTOVER

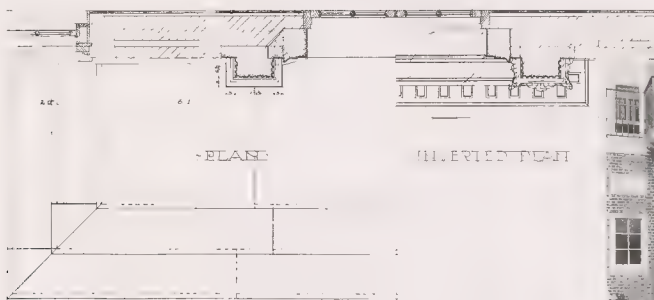


SIDE VIEW



ELEVATION

SECTION



PLAN

WALL DETAIL

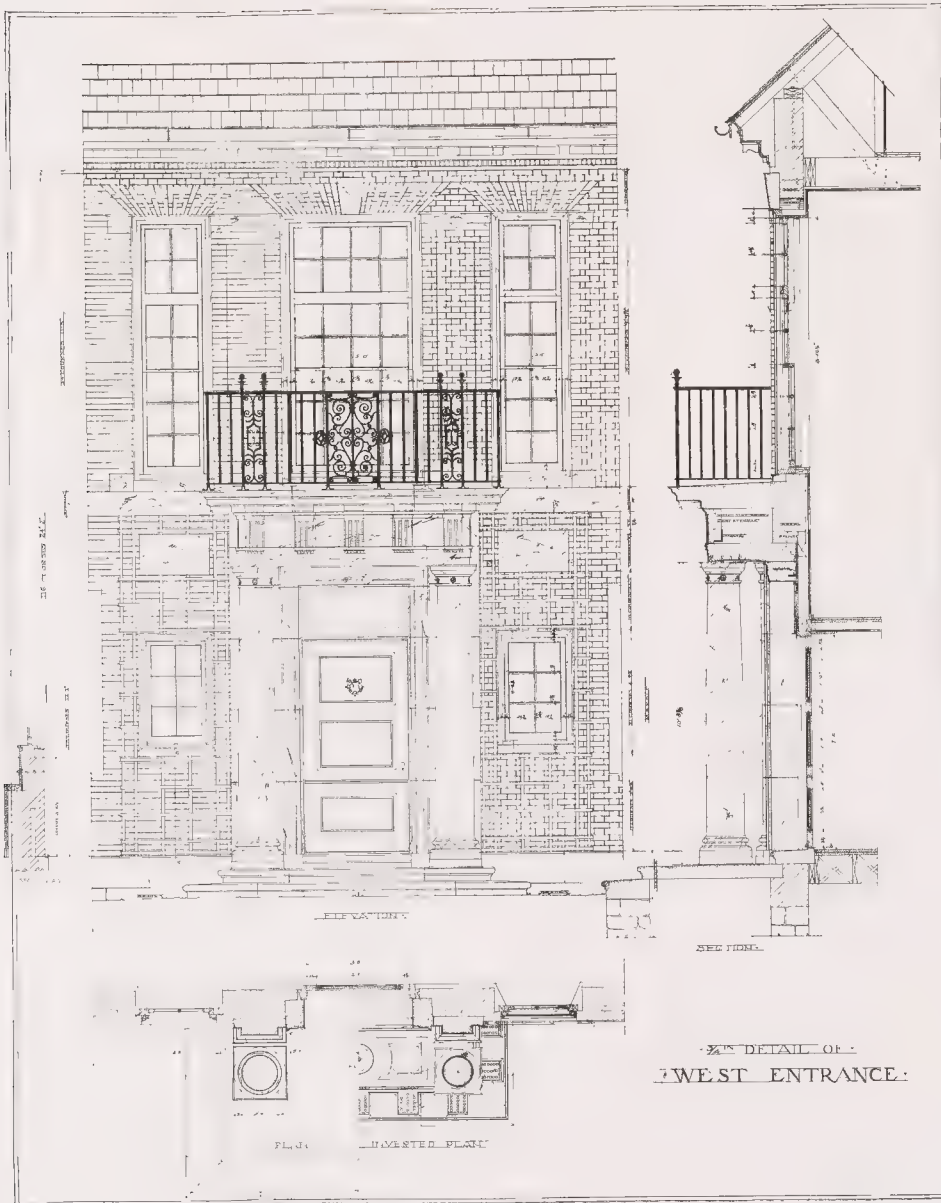
3/4" DETAIL
OF



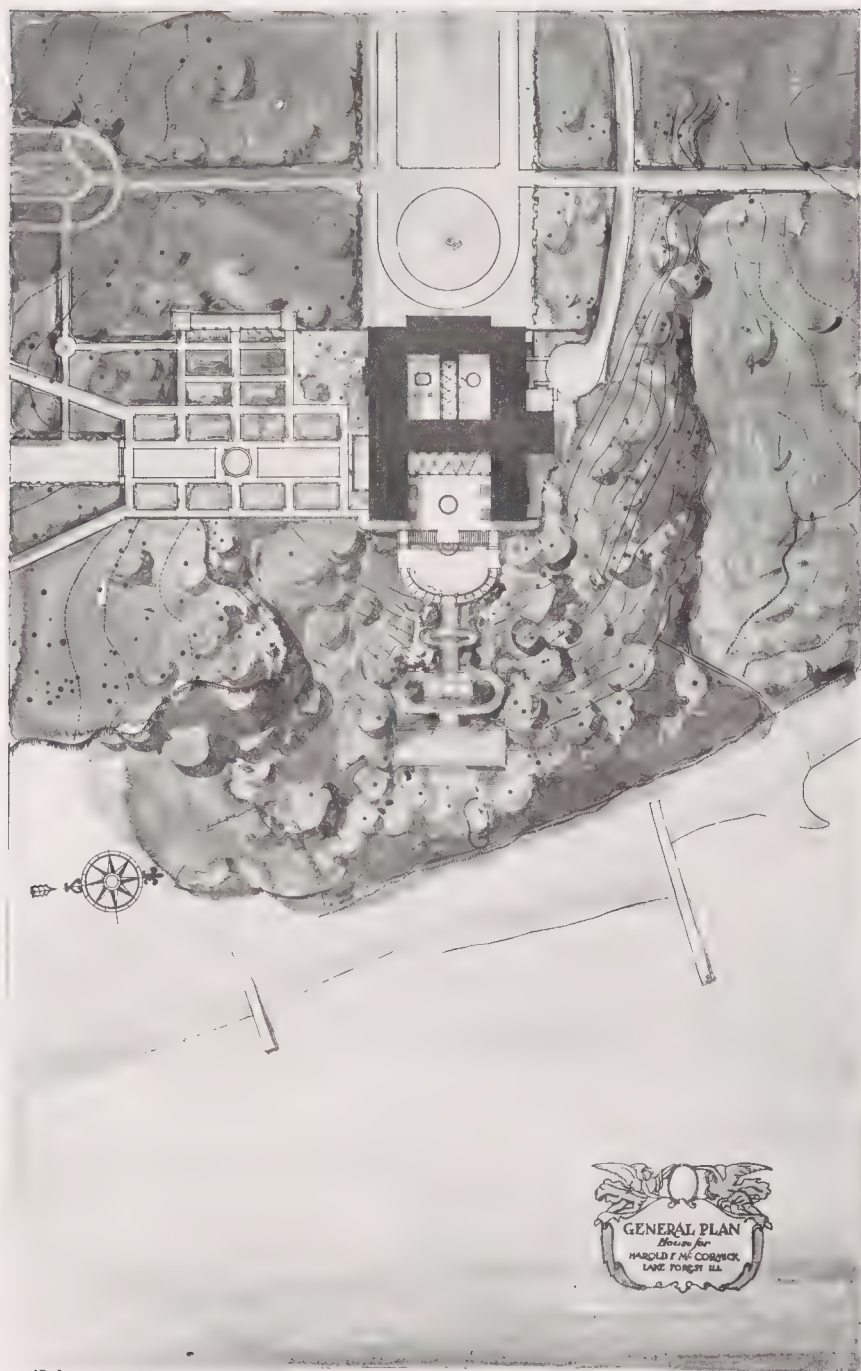
EAST ENTRANCE



EASTOVER



VILLA AT LAKE FOREST

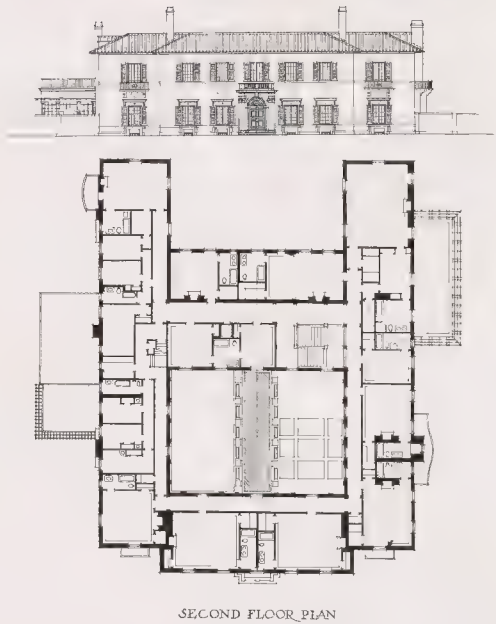
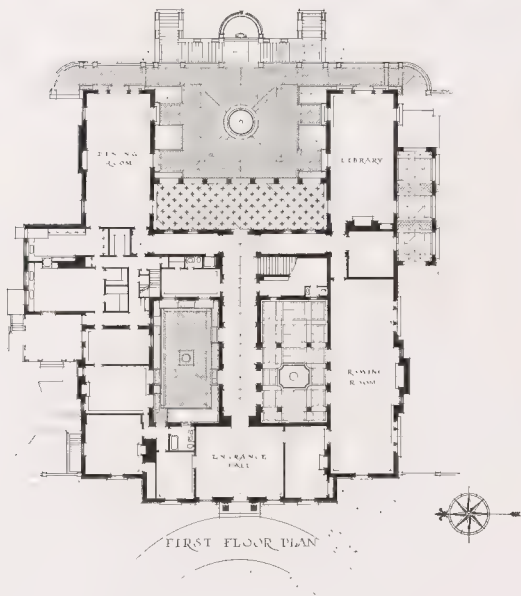




VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



ENTRANCE FRONT



VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



GARDEN.



TERRACE—COURT

VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



FROM THE GARDEN



LOGGIA



VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



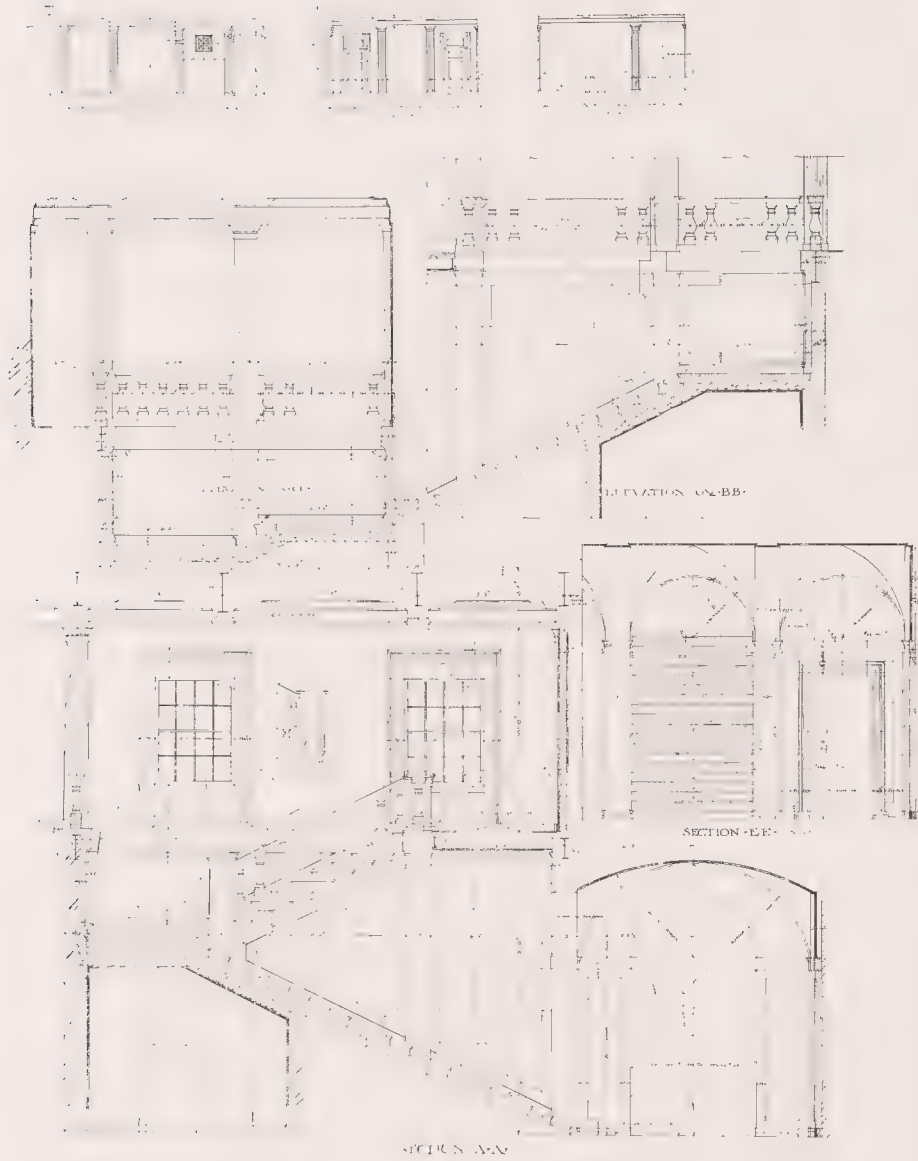
INTERIOR COURT



THE TERRACE COURT

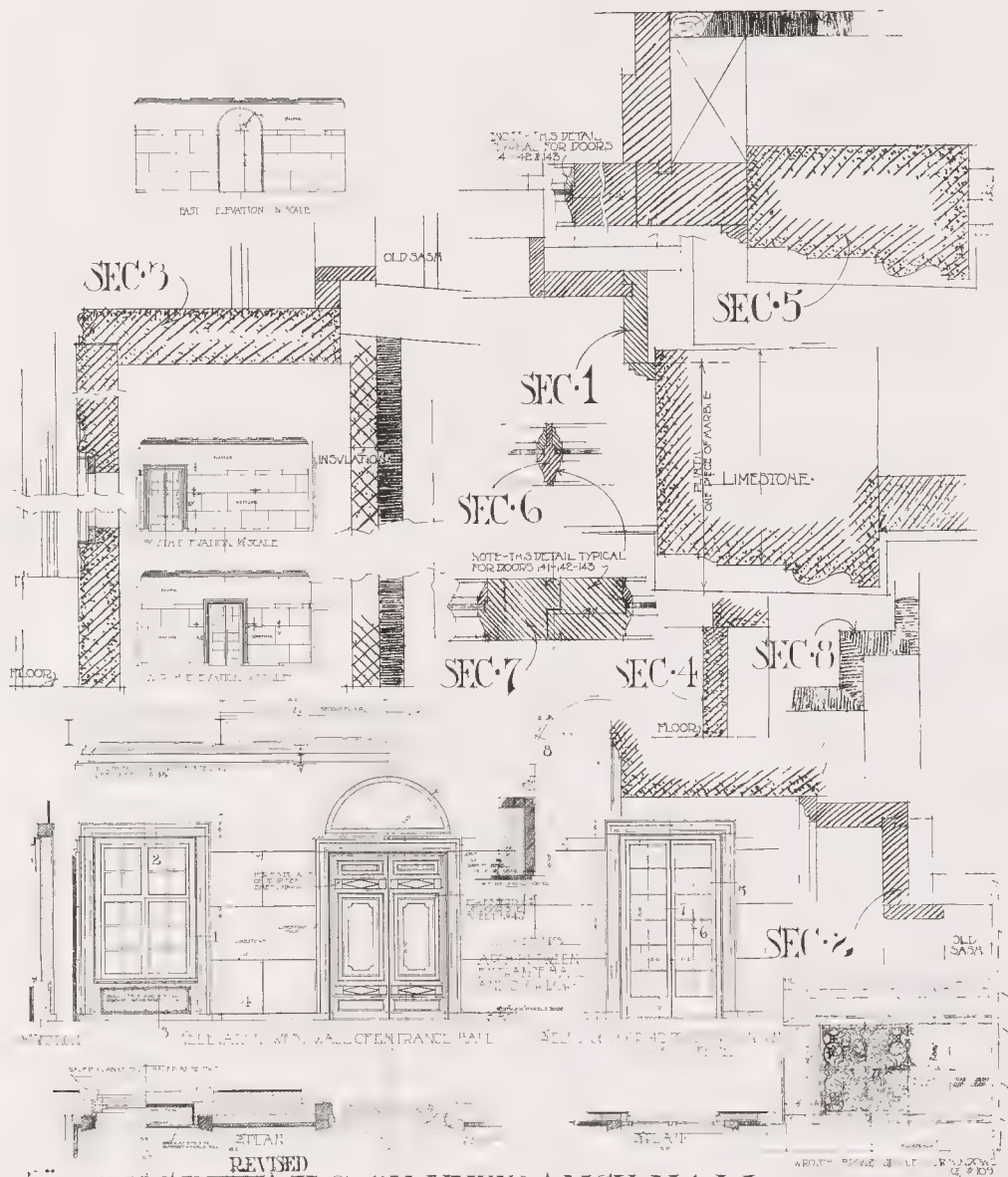


VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



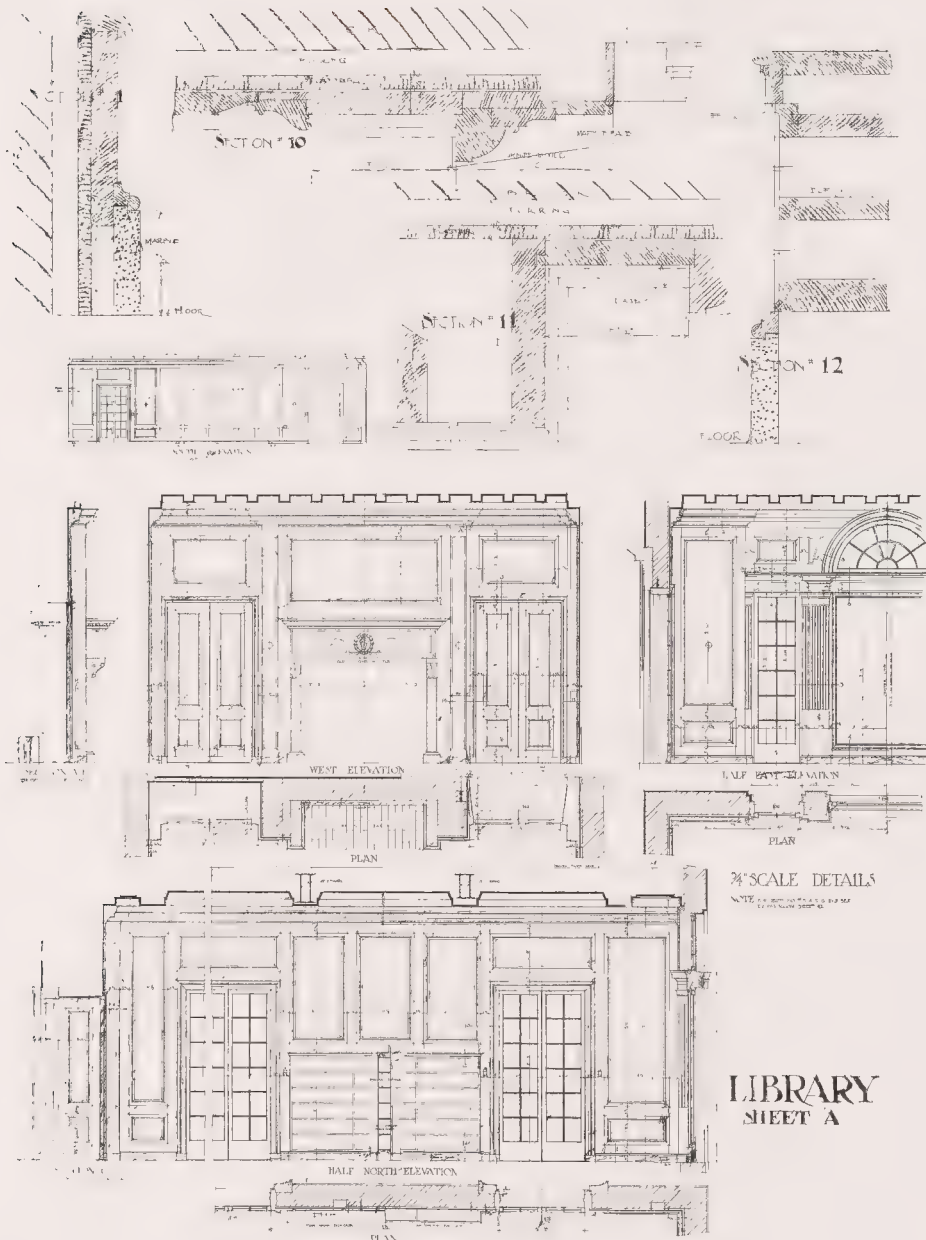


VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



REVISED
PLATE 1371'S DETAILS OF ENTRANCE HALL.

VILLA AT LAKE FOREST





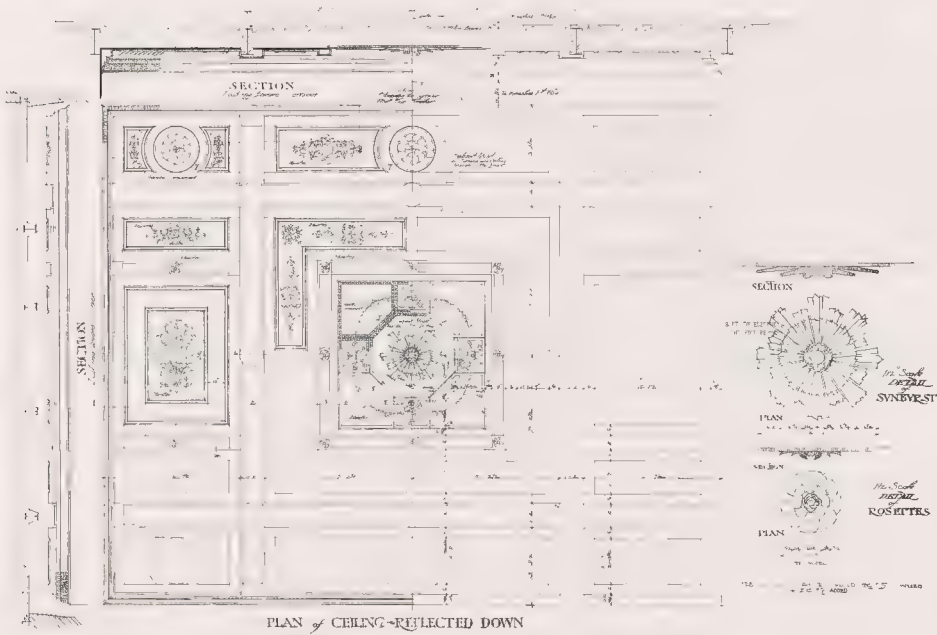
VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



HALL



VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



LOBBY



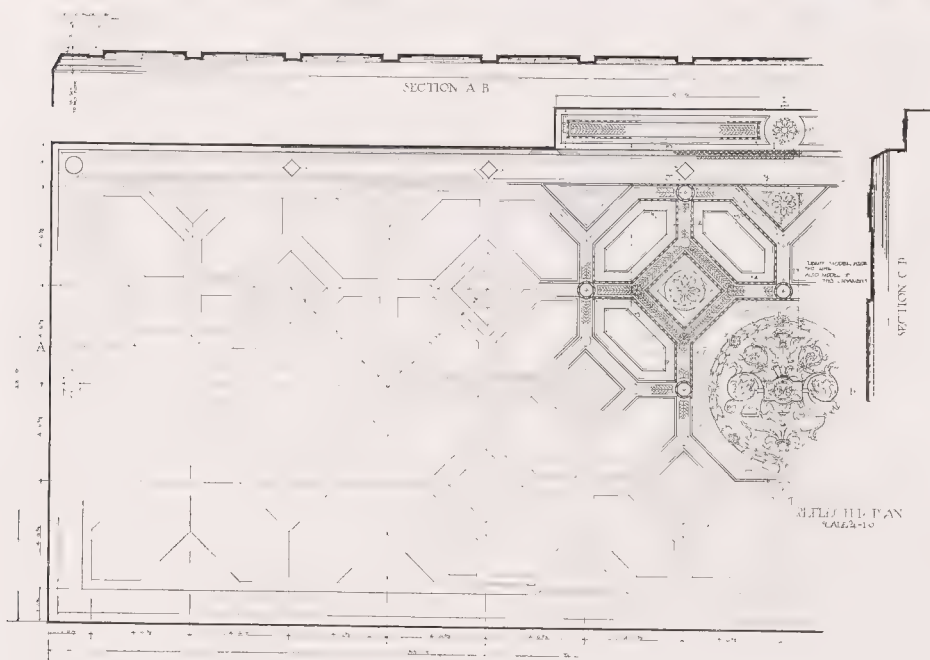
DINING ROOM



VILLA AT LAKE FOREST

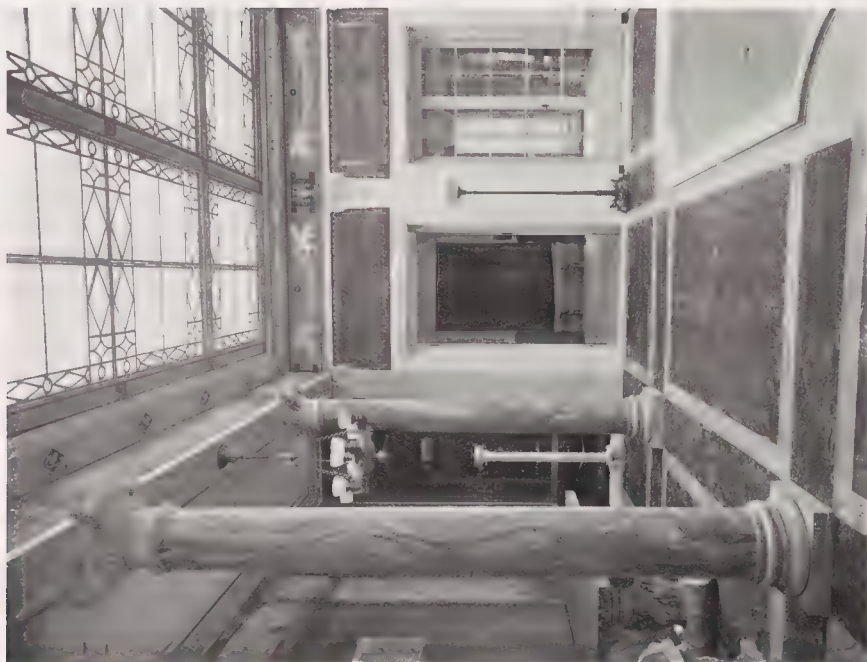


DRAWING ROOM

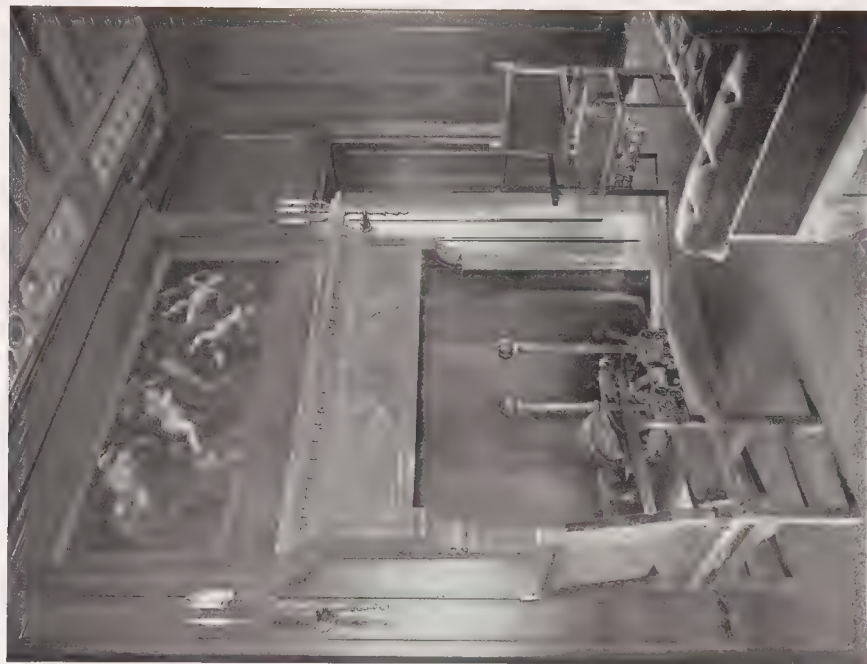




VILLA AT LAKE FOREST



POMPEIIAN COURT



LIBRARY MANTEI





LIBRARY



S. J. POOLER, ESQ.



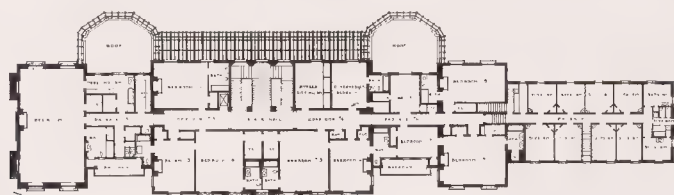
LIBRARY MANTEL



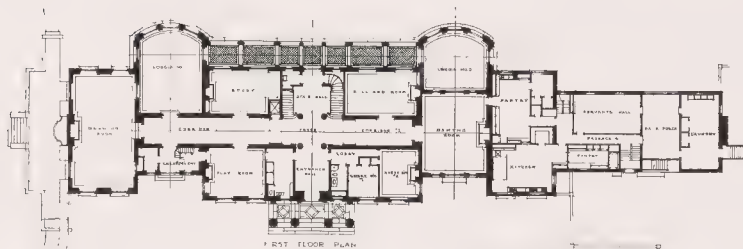
MANOR HOUSE, GLEN COVE, N. Y.



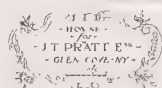
SOUTH FRONT



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



MANOR HOUSE, GLEN COVE, N. Y.



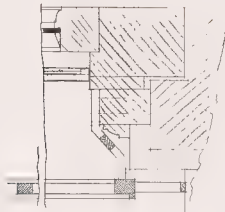
ENTRANCE PORTICO.



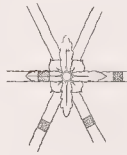
ENTRANCE HALL



MANOR HOUSE, GLEN COVE, N. Y.



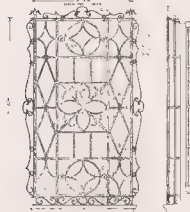
PLAN OF JAMB SHOWING FASTENING



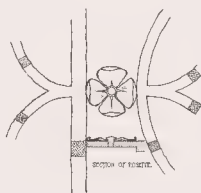
DETAIL AT 'A'



DETAIL AT 'B'



PLAN SECTION
SCALE 1/4" = 1 FOOT



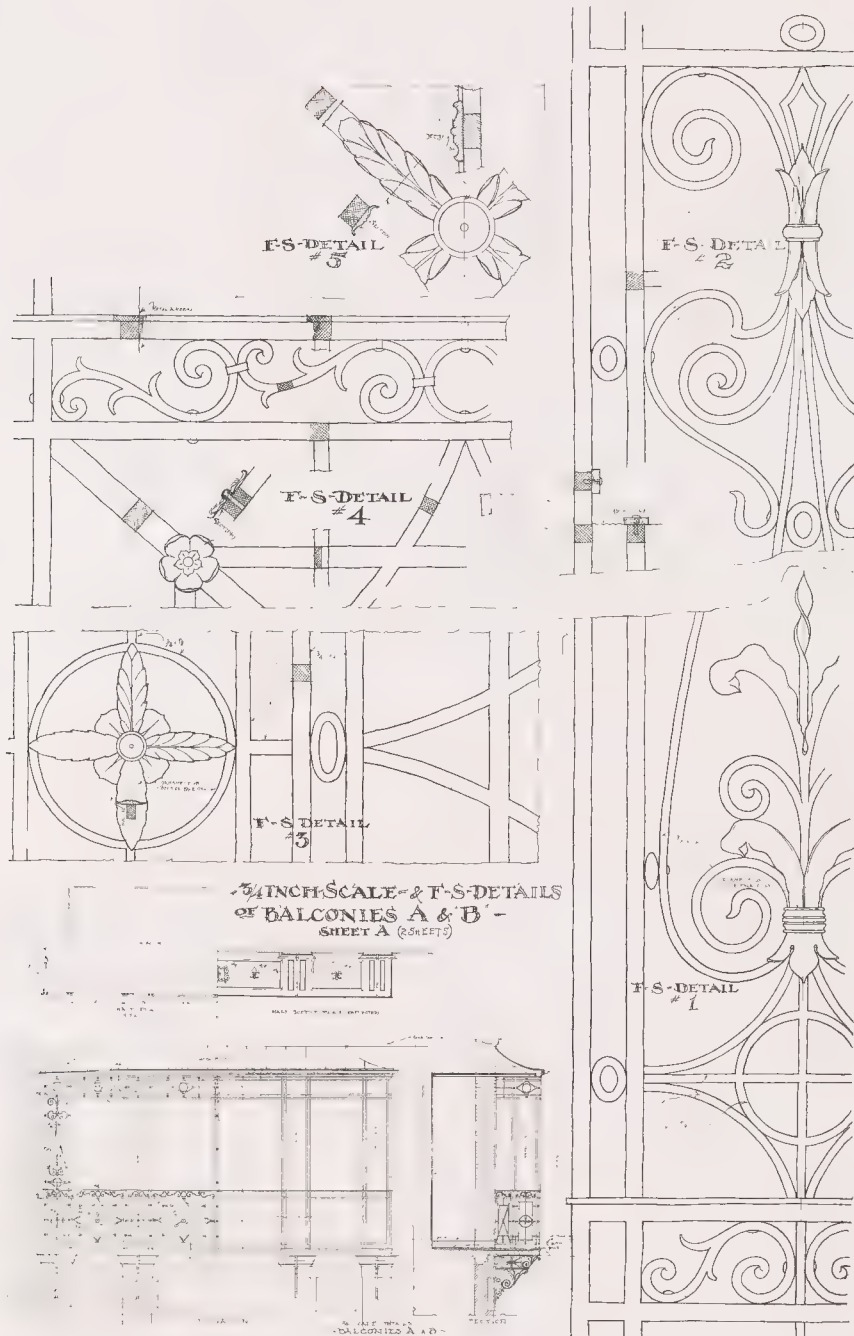
DETAIL AT 'C'

NOTE:
ALL IRON WORK
TO BE HAMMERED
HOT FROM HEAVY-
ER STOCK THAN SIZES
GIVEN BUT TO TAKE 1/8" OVER
FULL SIZE. SHOP
DRAWINGS TO BE
SUBMITTED FOR
ARCHITECT'S APPRO-
VAL.

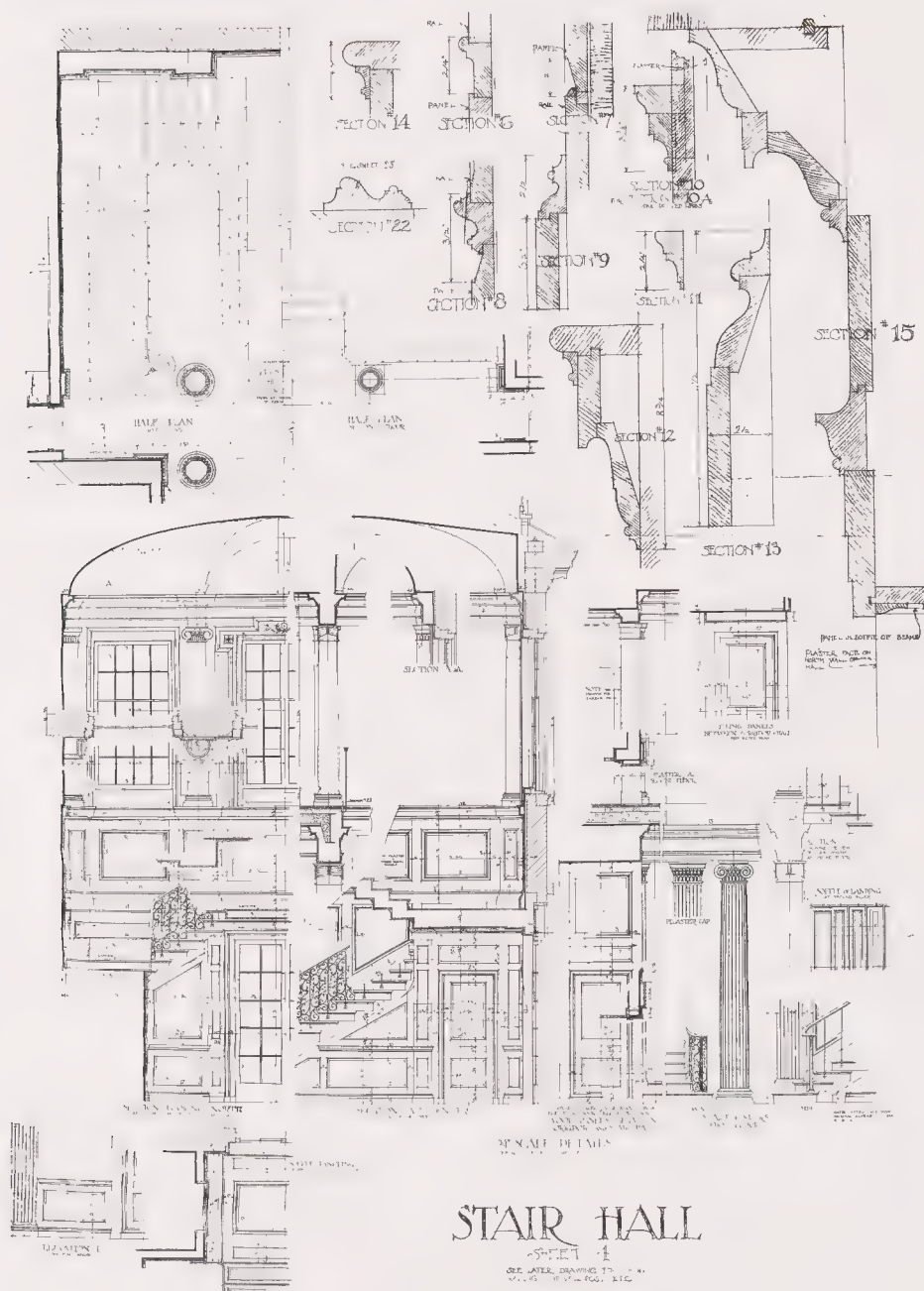
WROUGHT IRON GRILLES FOR WINDOWS



MANOR HOUSE, GLEN COVE, N. Y.



MANOR HOUSE, GLEN COVE, N. Y.







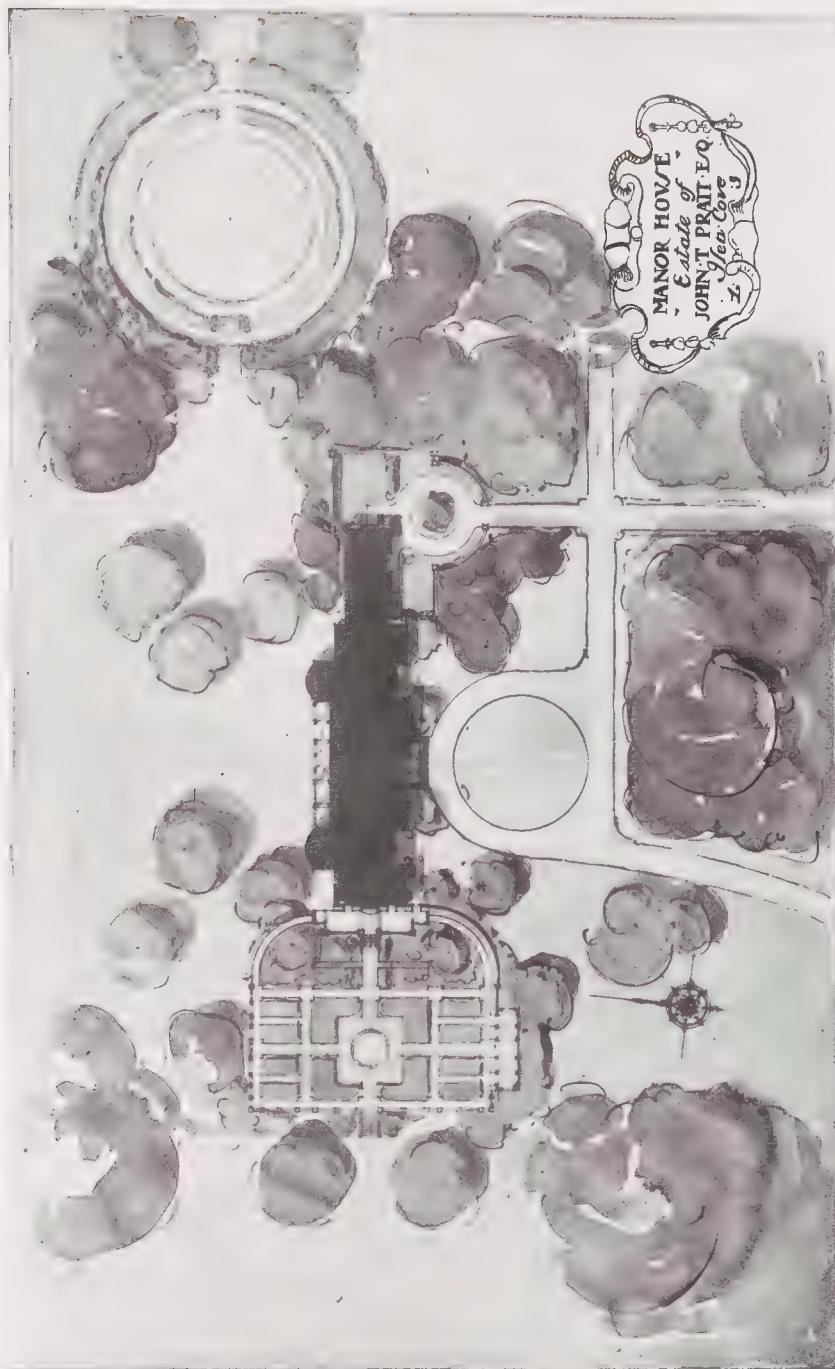
BREAKFAST ROOM.



STUDY.



MANOR HOUSE, GLEN COVE, N. Y.



PLAN OF THE GARDENS





SOUTH ELEVATION



WOODSTON, MT. KISCO, N. Y.

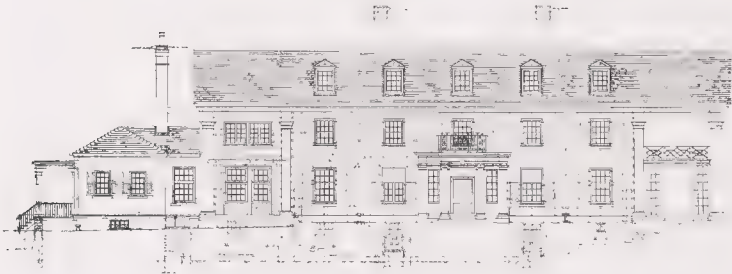


PLAN OF THE GARDENS

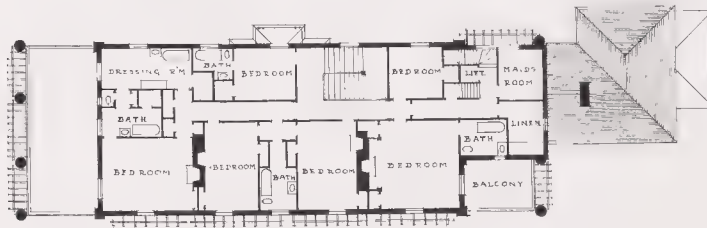
WOODSTON, MT. KISCO, N. Y.



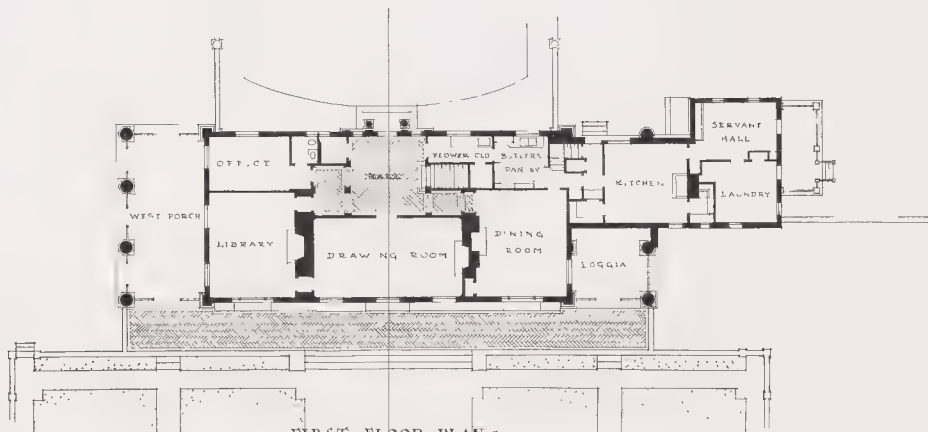
- SOUTH - ELEVATION -



- NORTH - ELEVATION -



- SECOND - FLOOR - PLAN -



- FIRST - FLOOR - PLAN -

Scale -
0 5 10 15 20 25 30

WOODSTON, MT. KISCO, N. Y.



FROM THE SOUTH



FROM THE SOUTH

WOODSTON, MT. KISCO, N. Y.







VASE ON TERRACE



POOL FROM PAVILLION

R. D. MERRILL, SEATTLE, WASH.



STREET FRONT



BORDER IN GARDEN



R. D. MERRILL, SEATTLE, WASH.



HALL



DINING ROOM

R. D. MERRILL, SEATTLE, WASH.

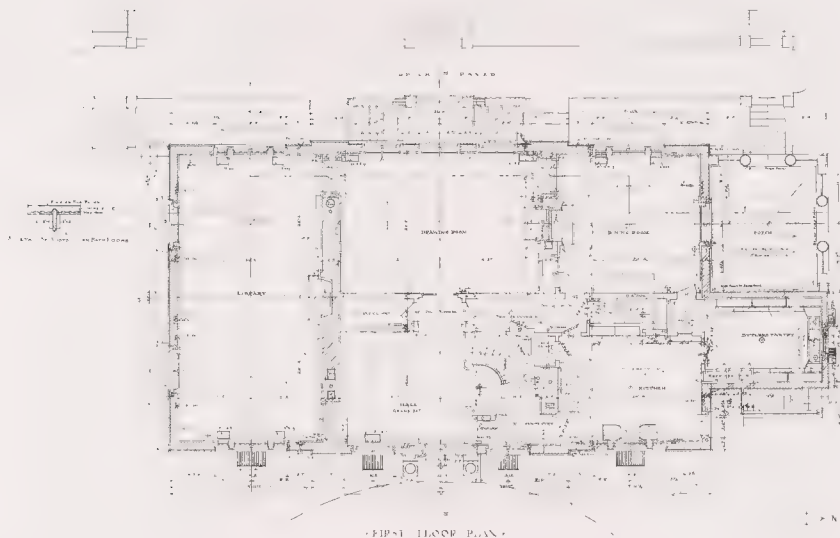


DRAWING ROOM

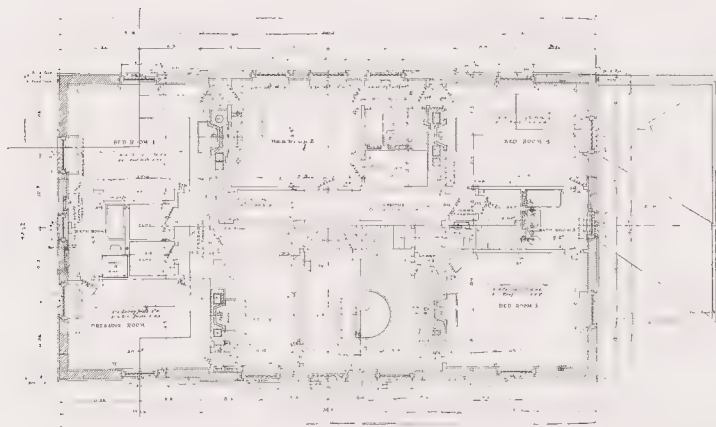


LIBRARY

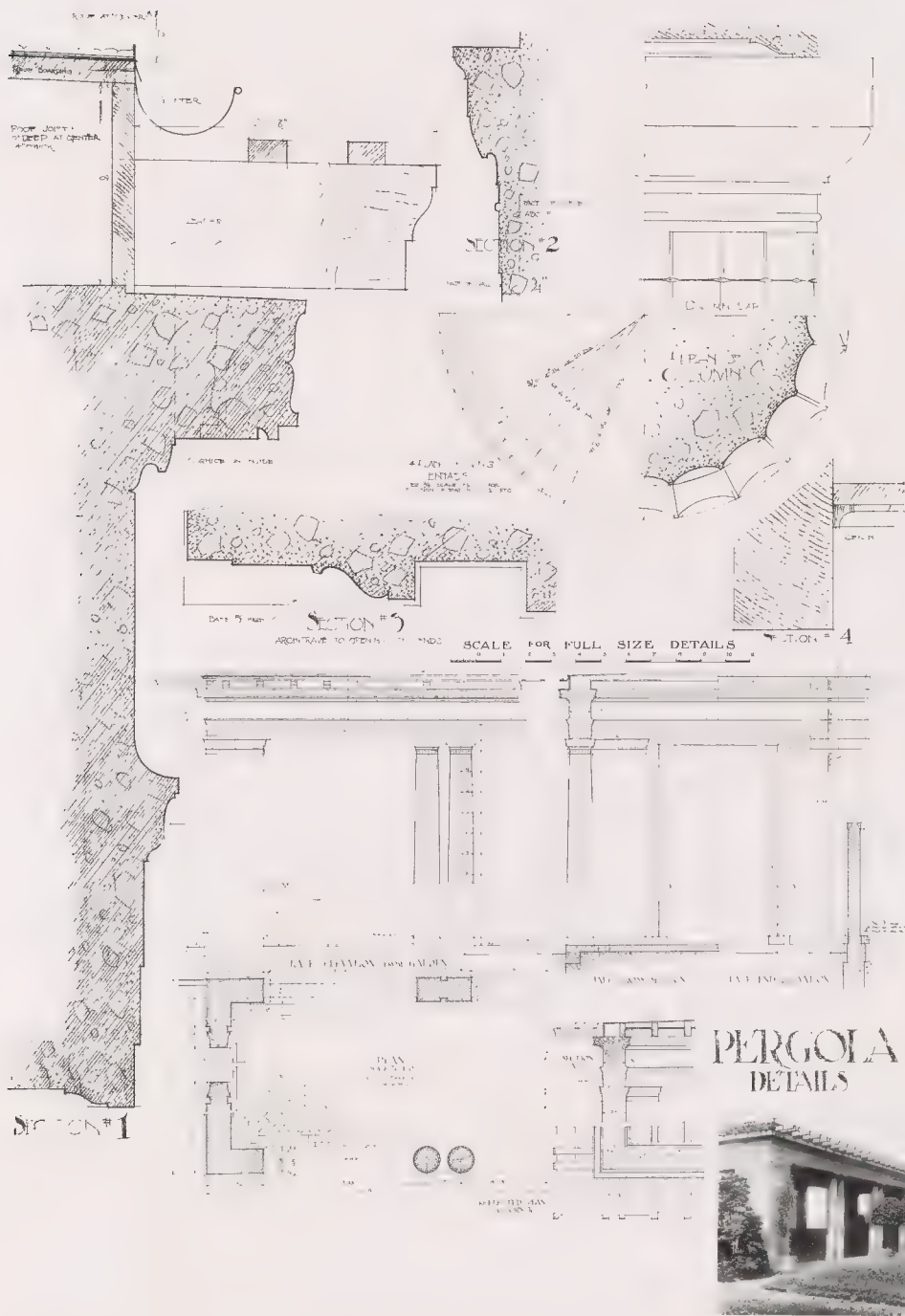




FIRST FLOOR PLAN



R. D. MERRILL, SEATTLE, WASH.





TIMBERLINE, BRYN MAWR, PA.



SOUTH FRONT.

TIMBERLINE, BRYN MAWR, PA.



ENTRANCE FRONT



TERRACE



TERRACE FOUNTAIN.



TIMBERLINE, BRYN MAWR, PA.



GARDEN



NORTH LOGGIA.

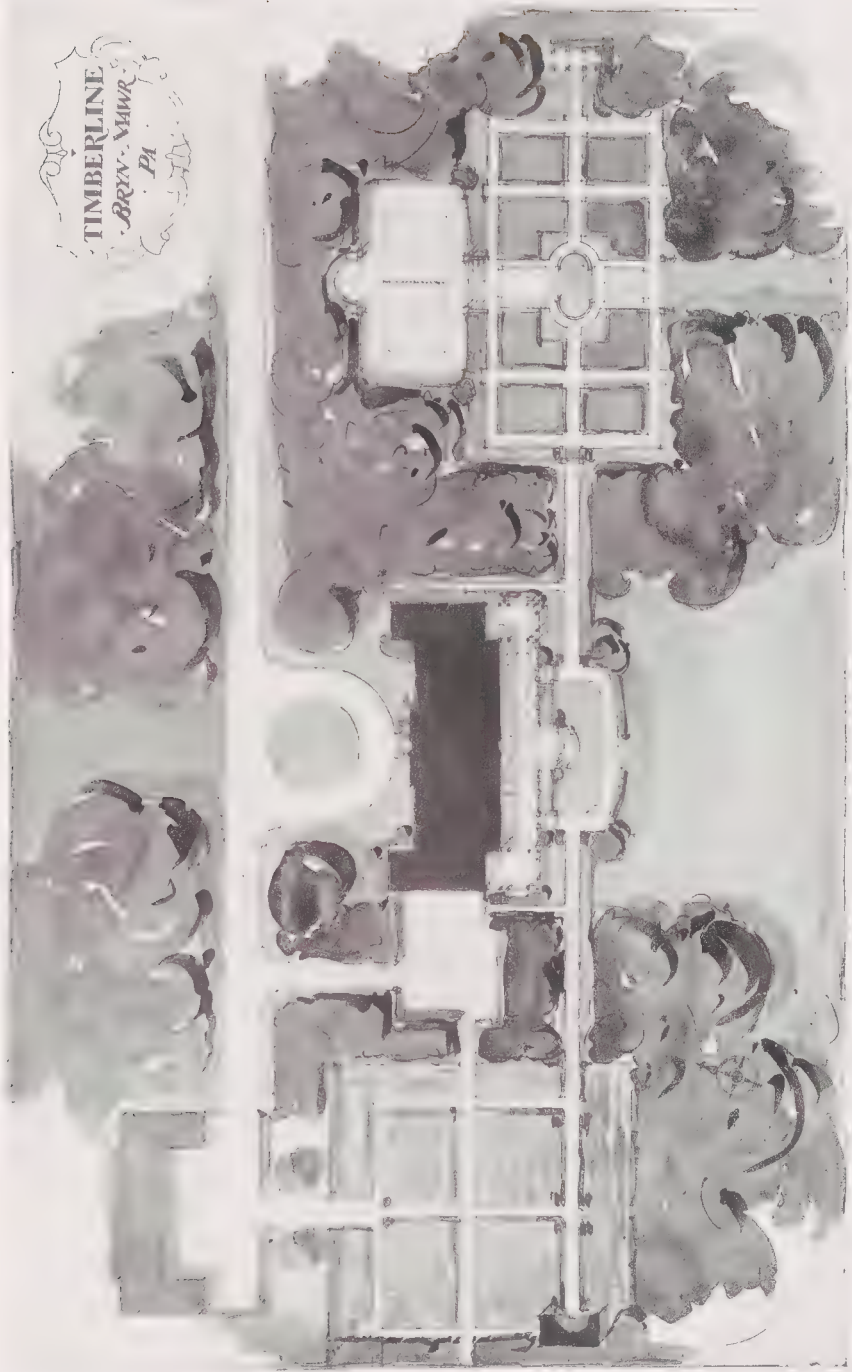


GARDEN PATH



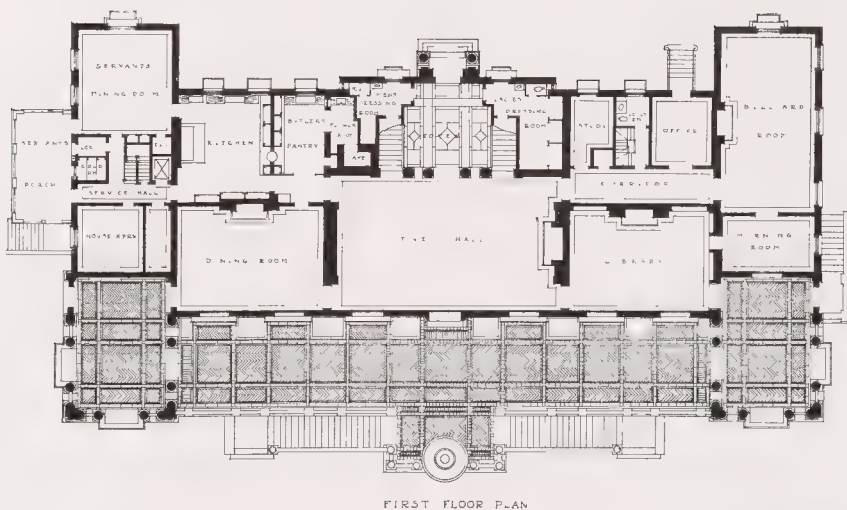
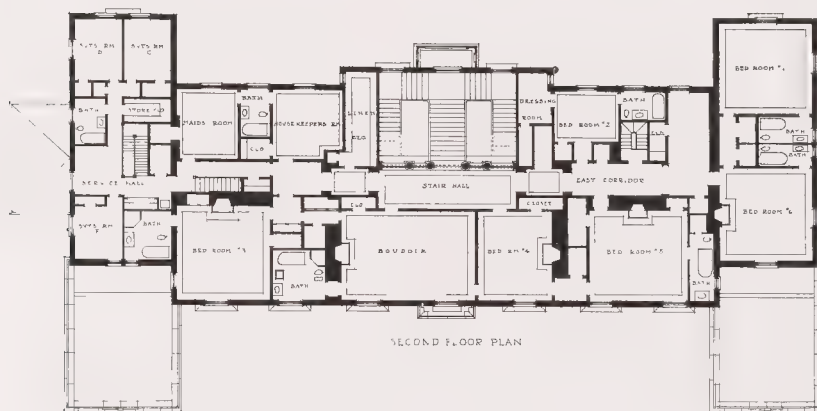
SOUTH LOGGIA

TIMBERLINE
BRYAN MAWR
PA



PLAN OF THE GARDENS

TIMBERLINE, BRYN MAWR, PA.





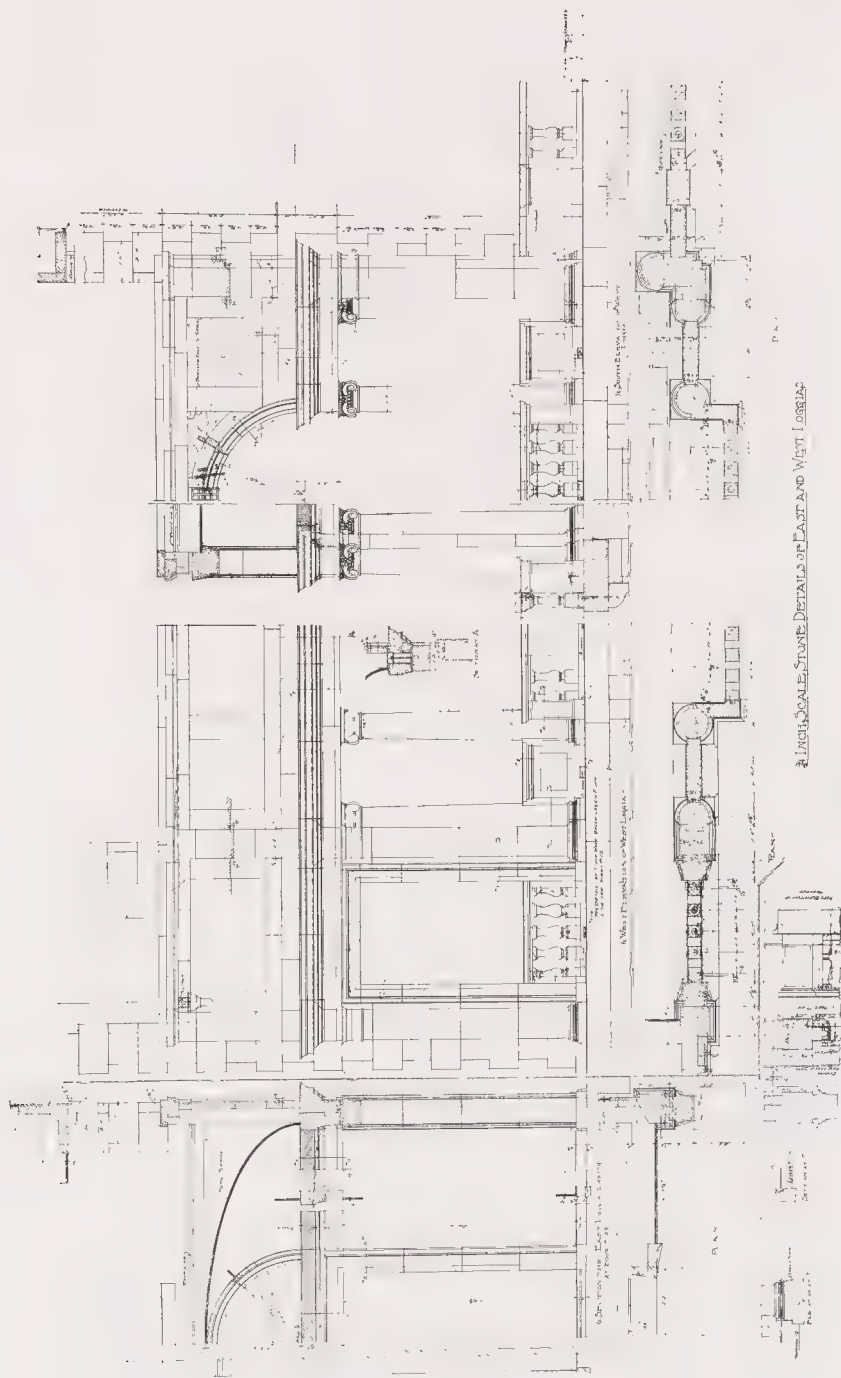
TIMBERLINE, BRYN MAWR, PA.



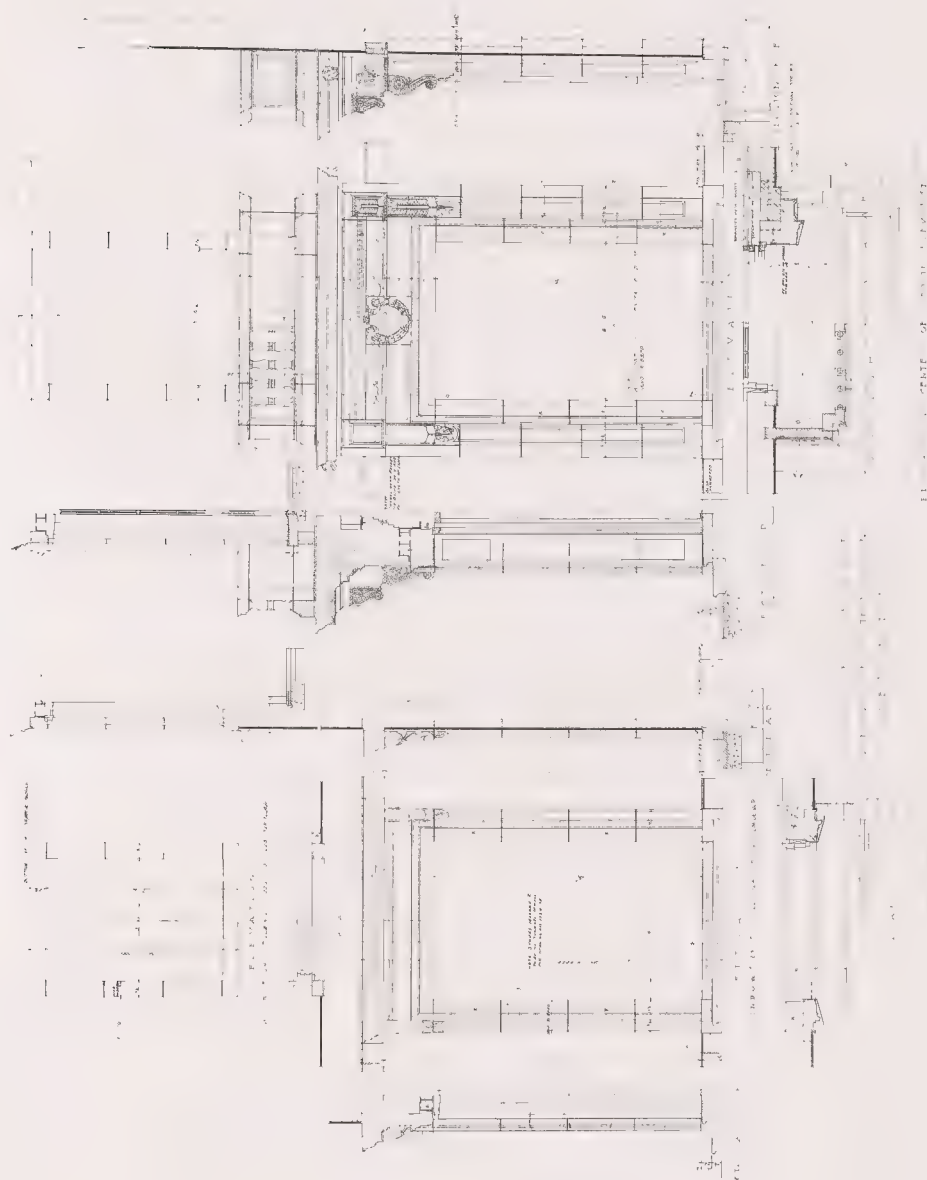
HALL.



TIMBERLINE, BRYN MAWR, PA.

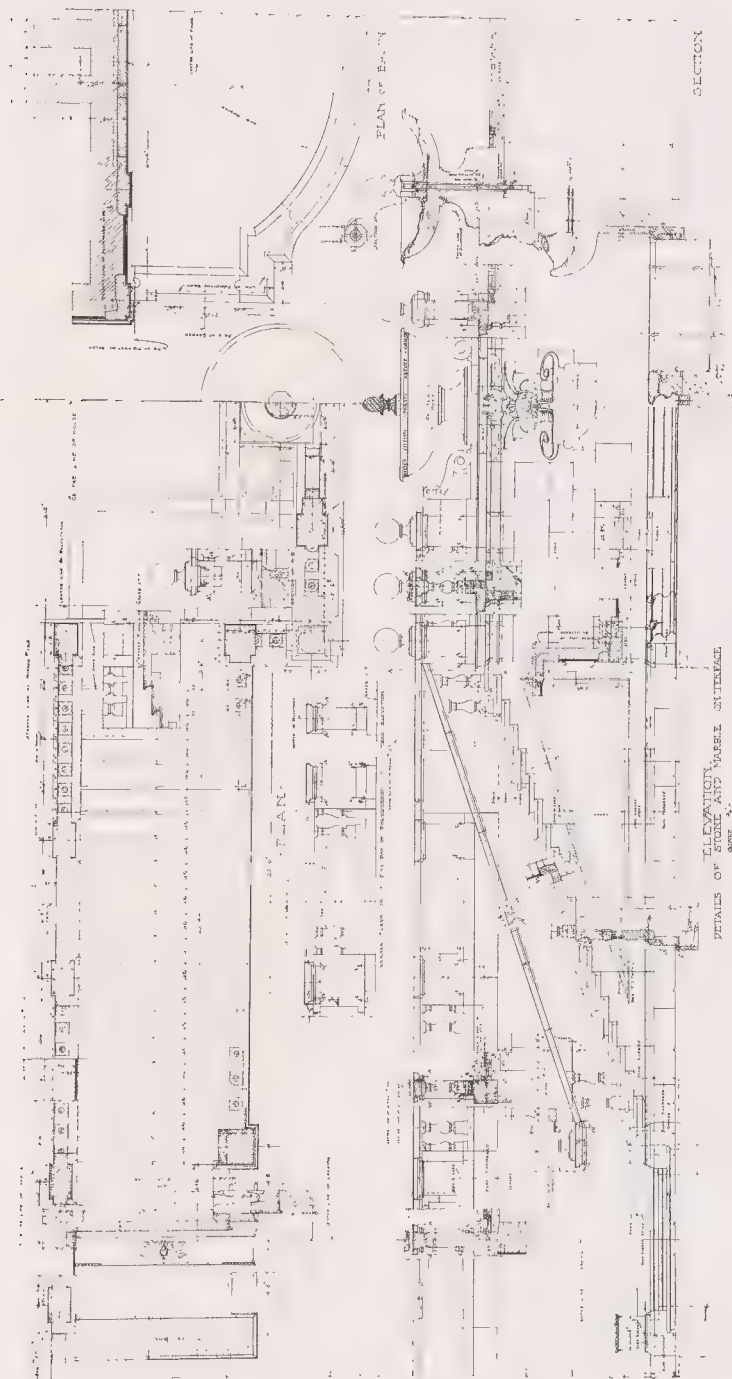


2. LINCOLN STONE DETAILS OF EAST AND WEST LOGGIES

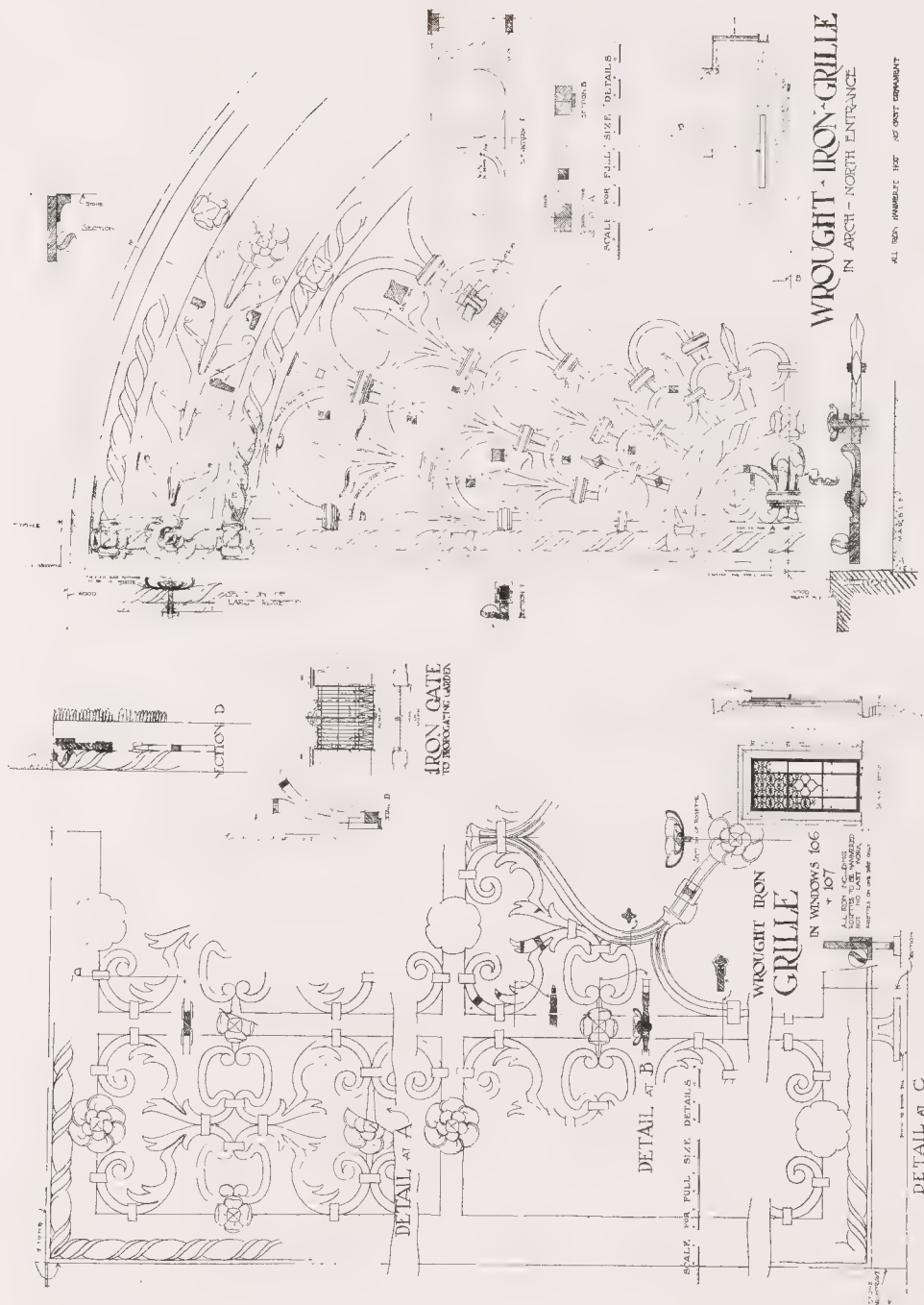




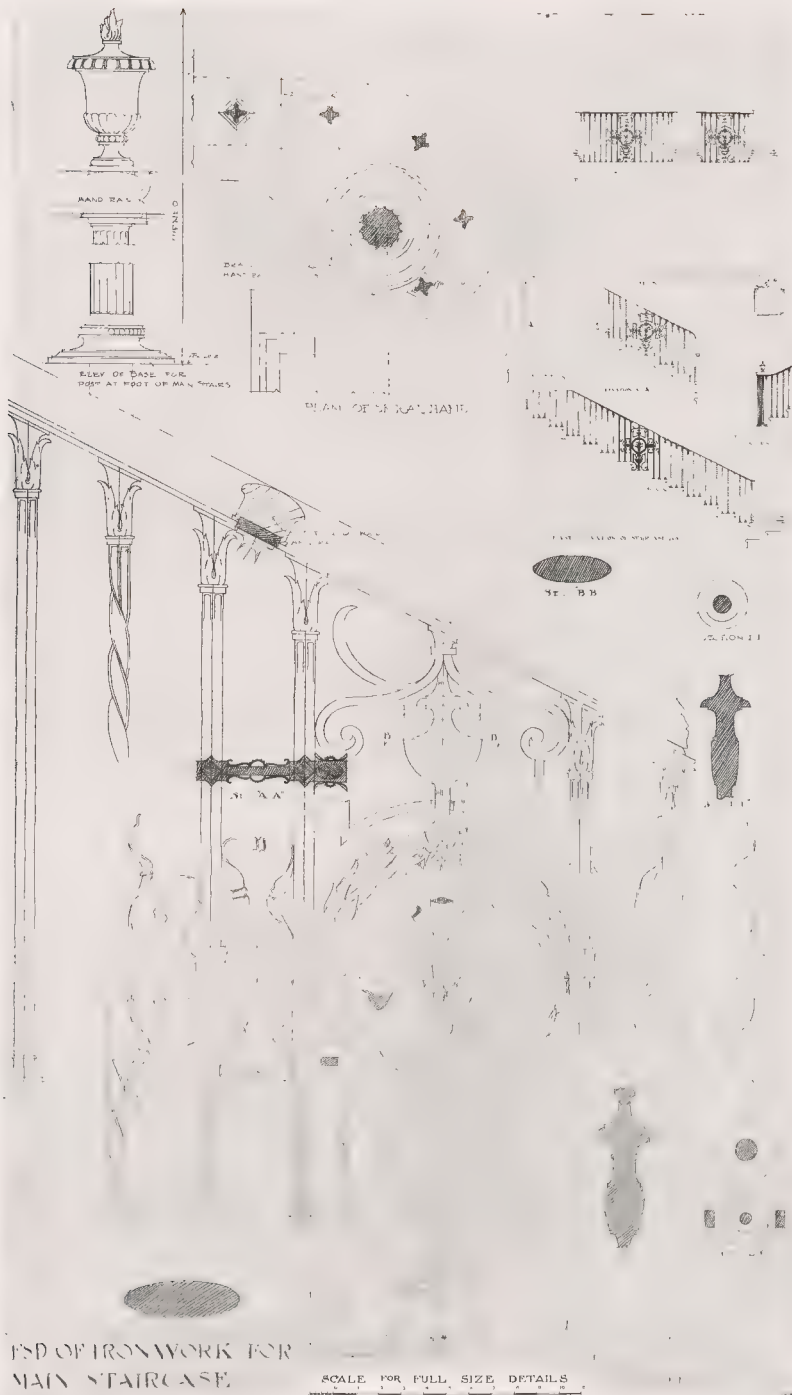
TIMBERLINE, BRYN MAWR, PA.



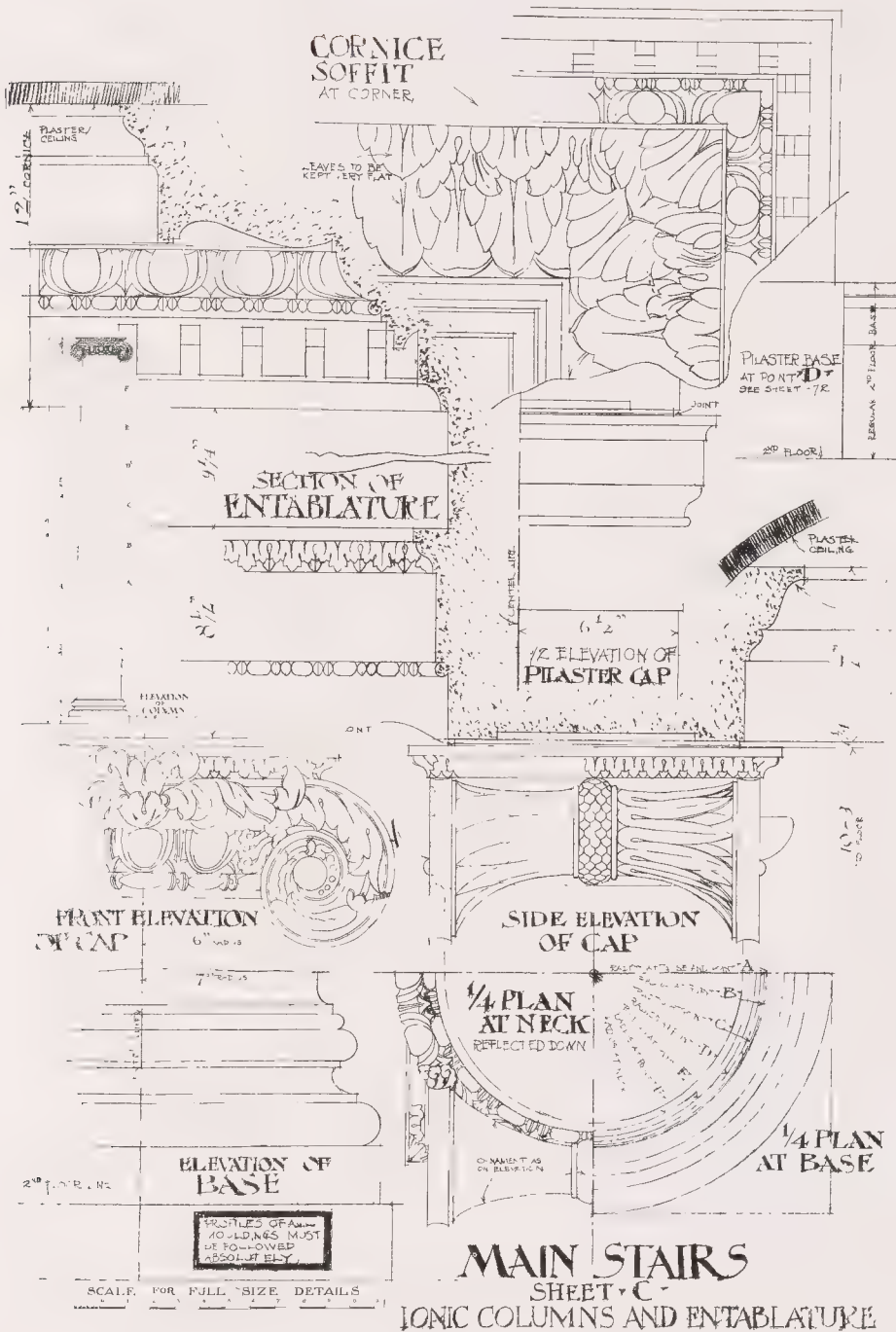




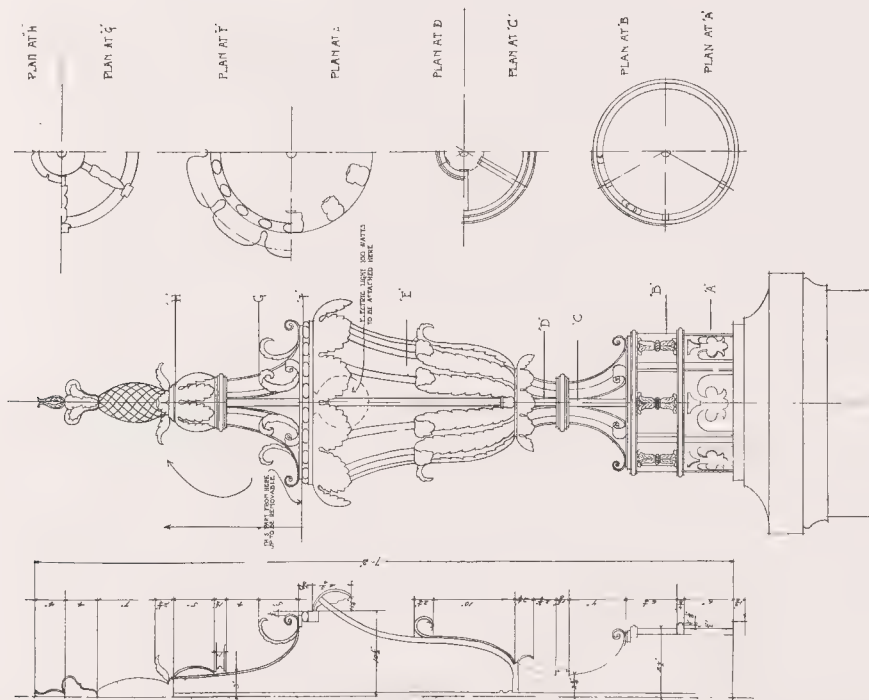
TIMBERLINE, BRYN MAWR, PA.



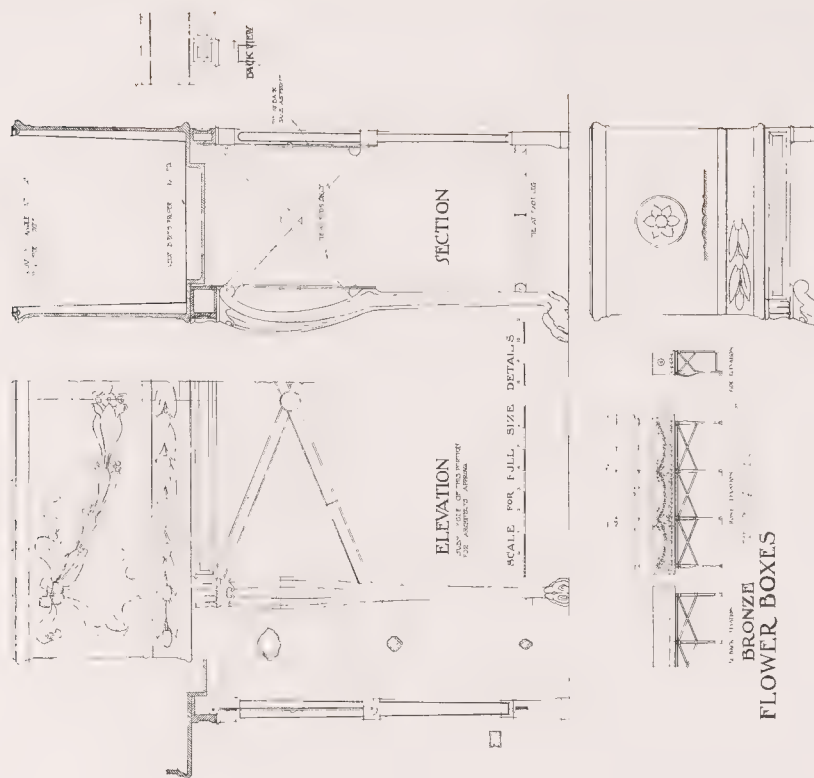








$\frac{1}{4}$ FULL SIZE DETAIL OF GATE
POST LANTERN.
NOT TWO WANTED



BRONZE
FLOWER BOXES

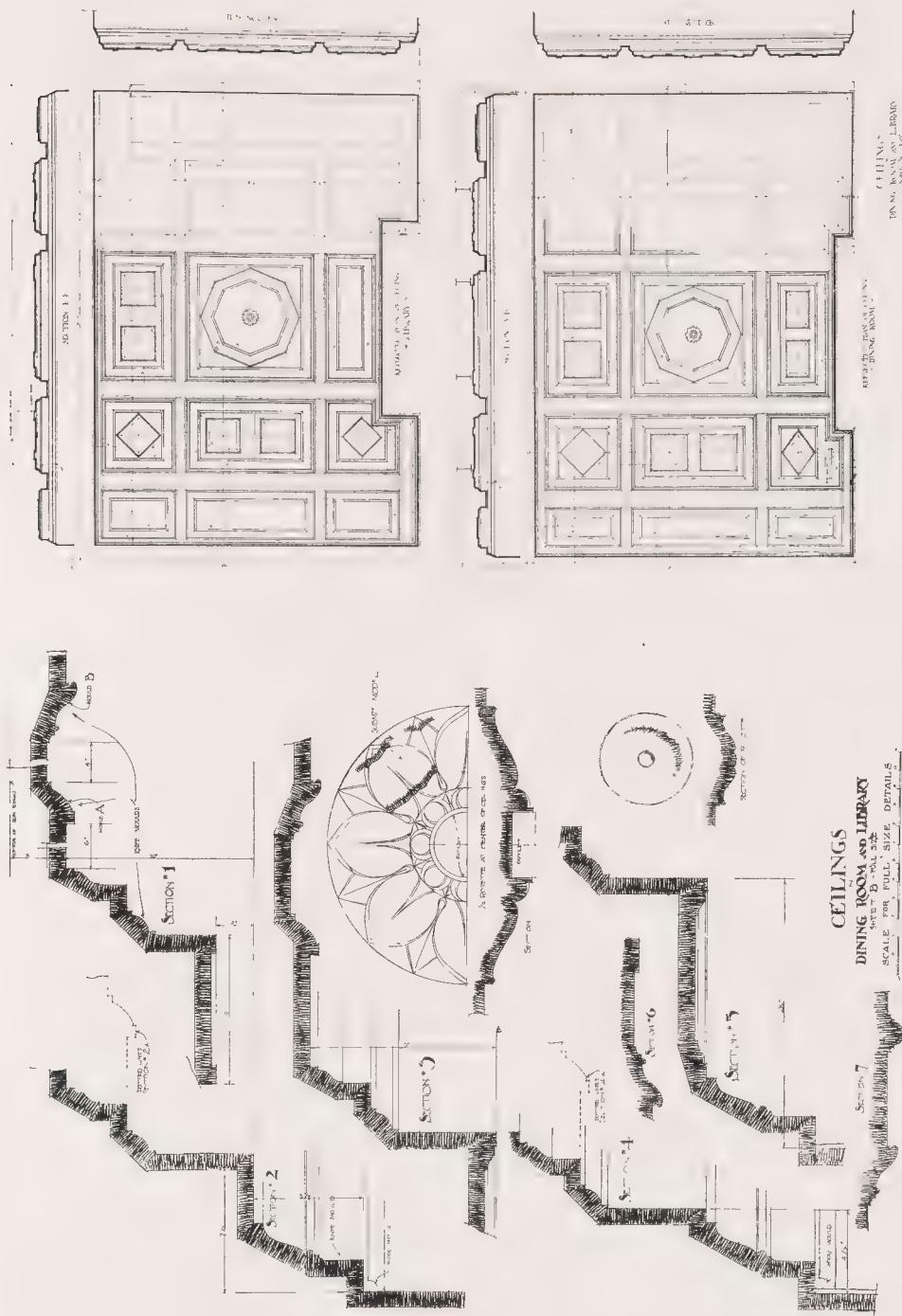


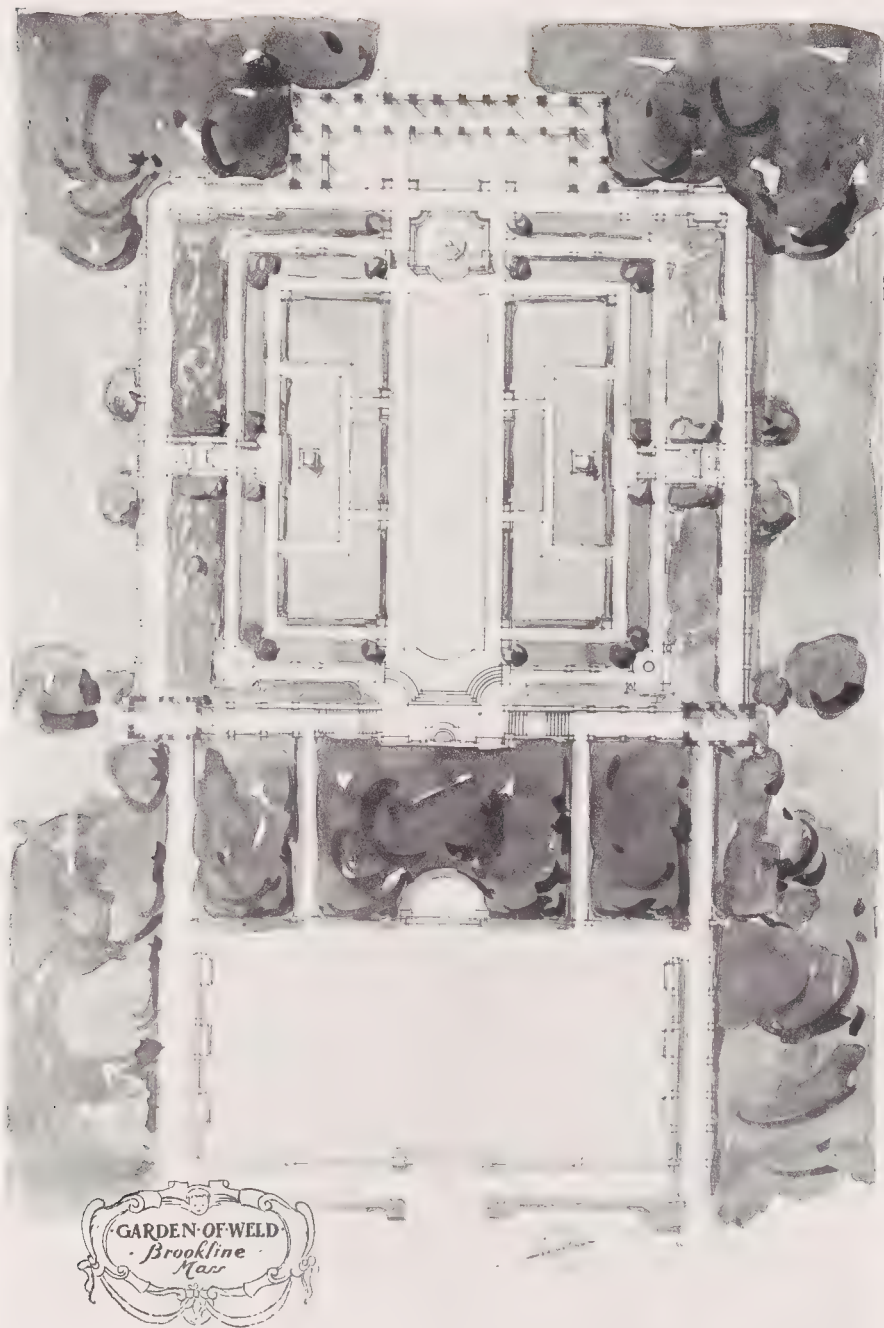
DINING ROOM



LIBRARY.











THE WELL.



SOUTH GAZEBO.

GARDEN OF WELD, BROOKLINE, MASS.



FOUNTAIN



BOWLING GREEN



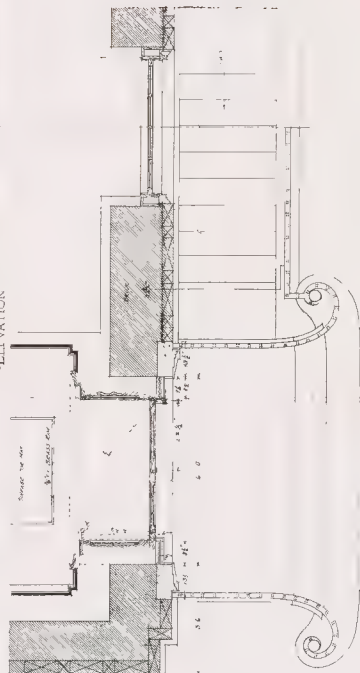
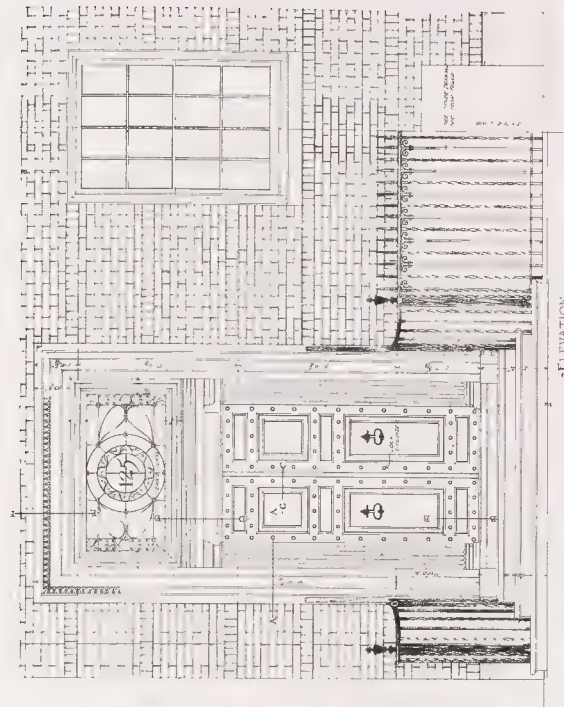


WEST END.

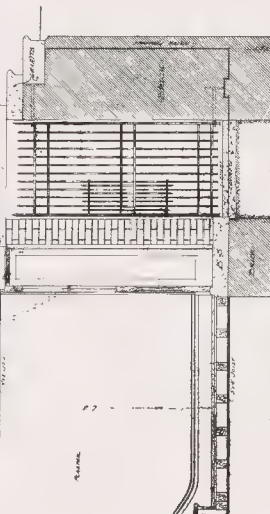
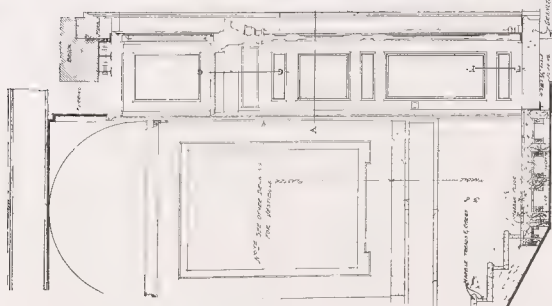


WALL FOUNTAIN

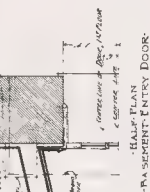




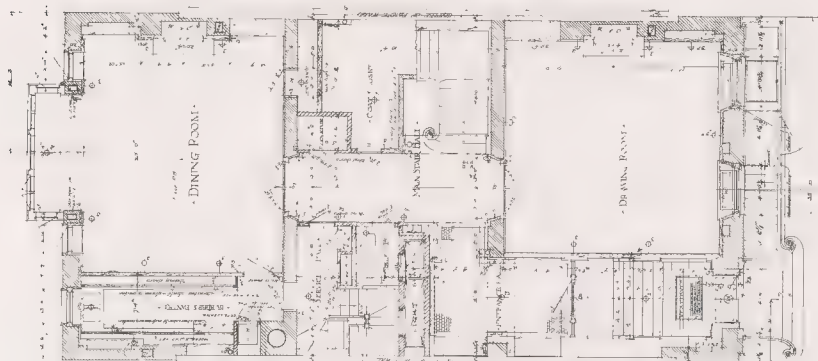
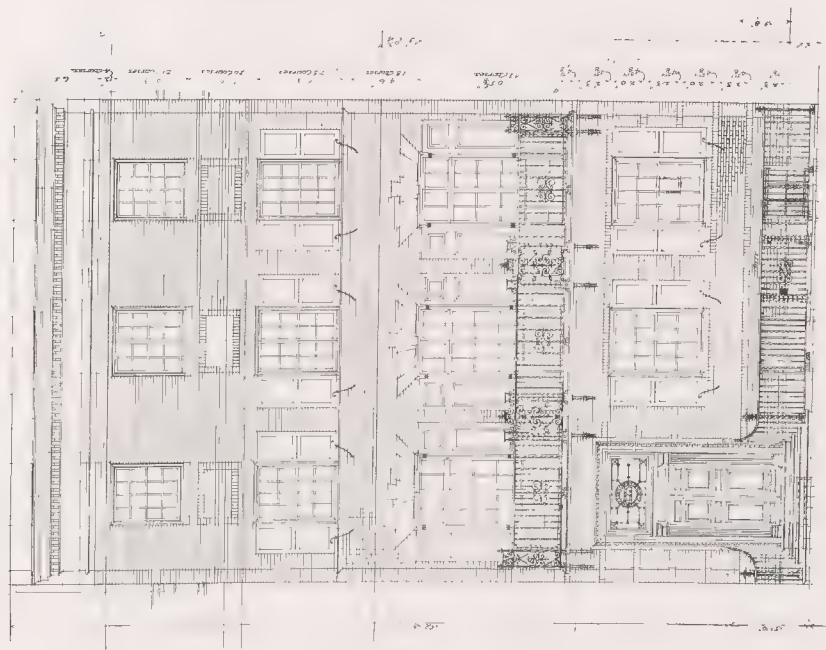
PLAN



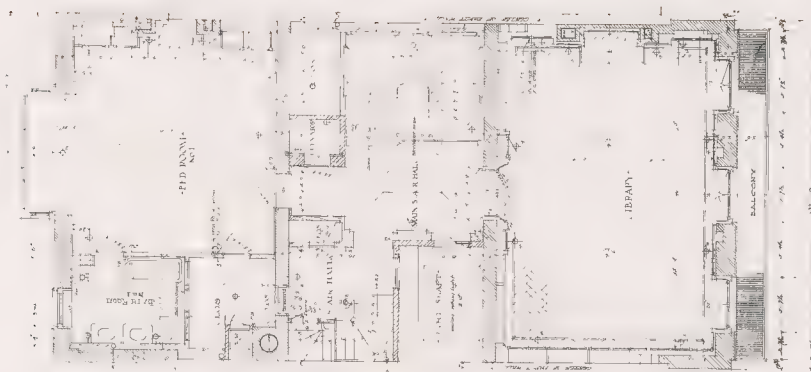
VESTIBULE - 6' BASEMENT - ENTRY



BASEMENT - ENTRY DOOR



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN





STAIRWAY



HALL



125 EAST SIXTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK



LIBRARY



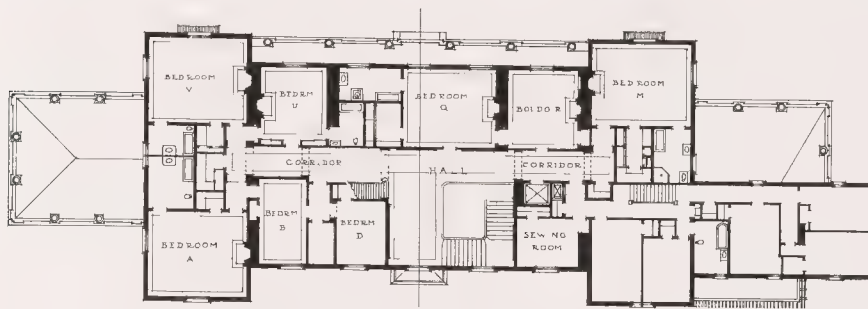


NORTH FRONT

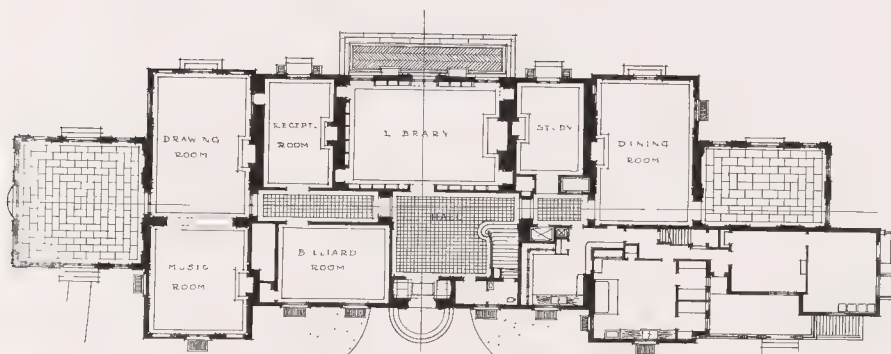
HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT



NORTH ELEVATION



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

Scale
0 5 10 15 20 25 30

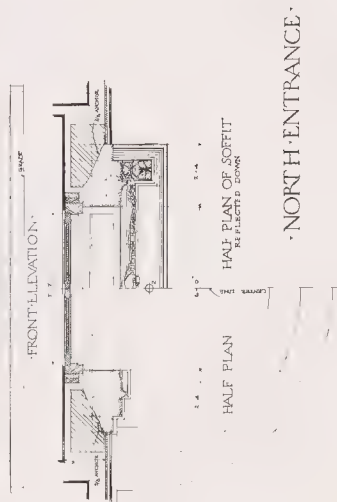
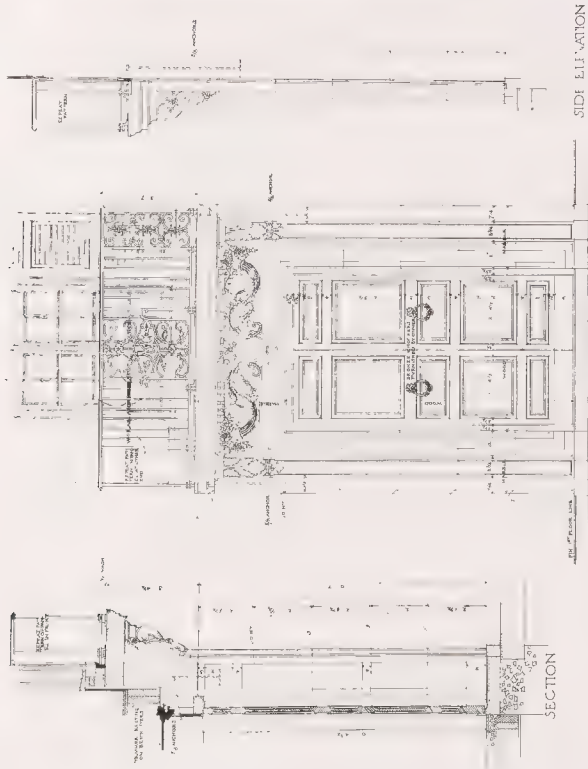


HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT



EAST LOGGIA





· NORTH ENTRANCE ·

HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT



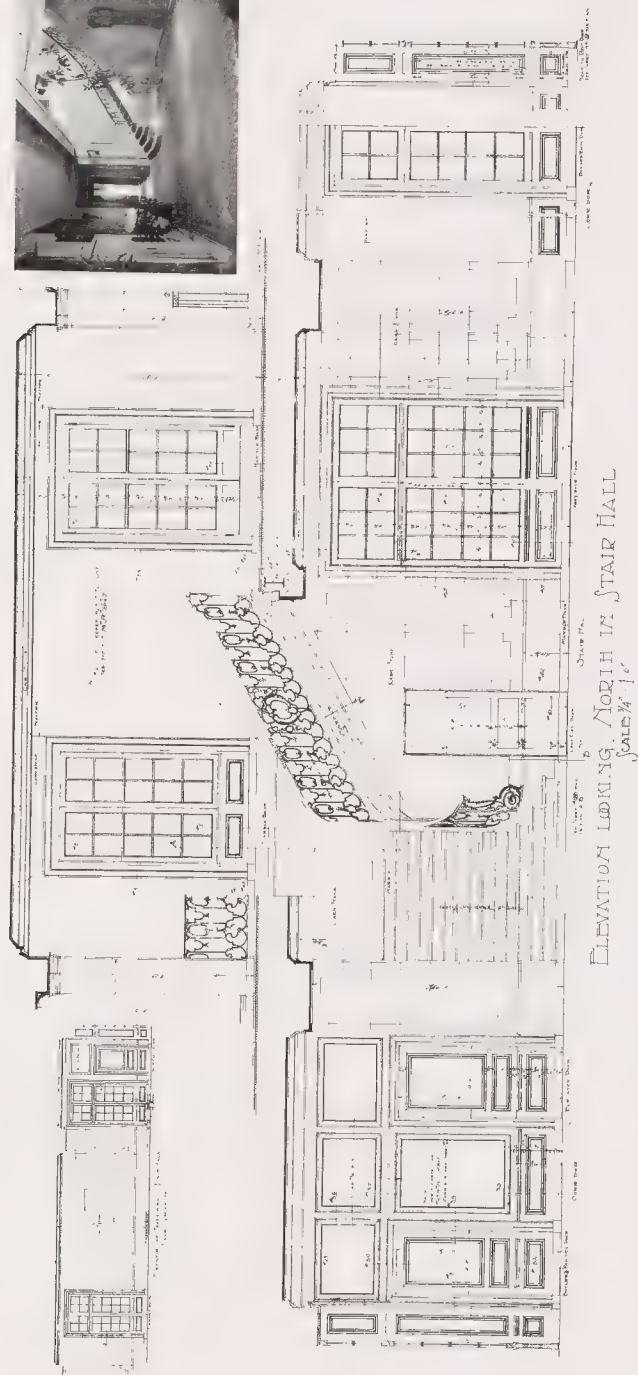
DRAWING ROOM



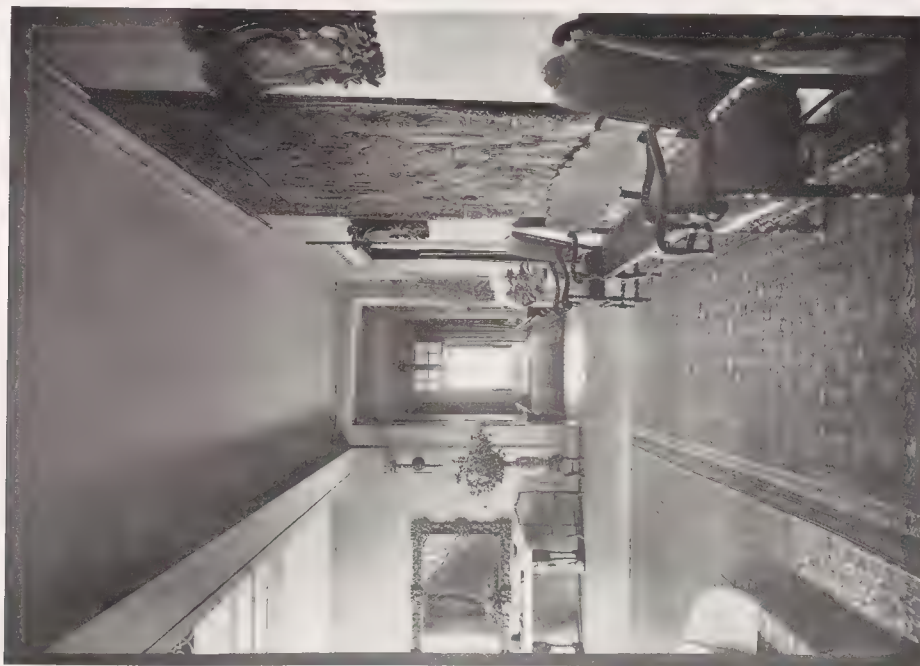
HALL



HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT







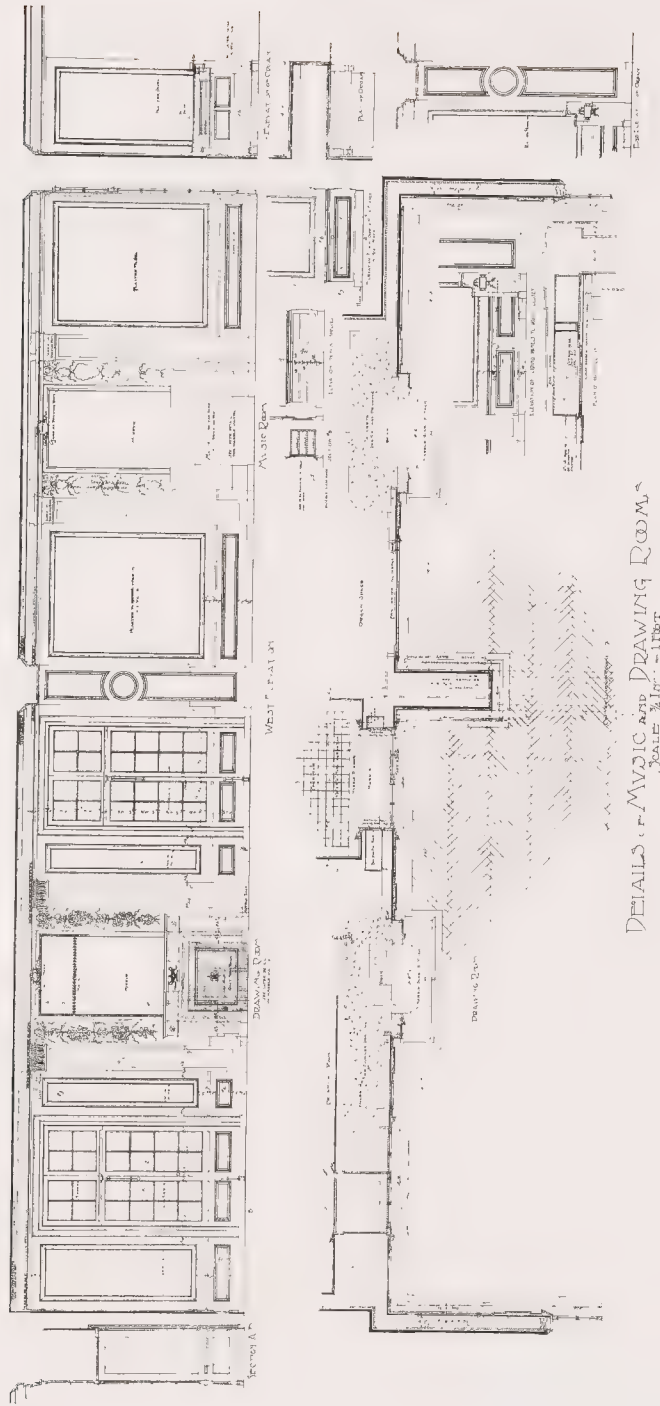
HALL



DINING ROOM MANTEL



HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT



HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT



LIBRARY



MANTEL IN LIBRARY



FREDERIC C. CULVER

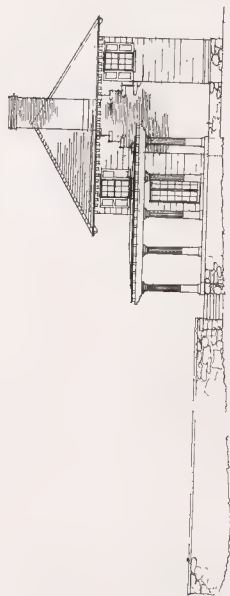


SOUTH ELEVATION

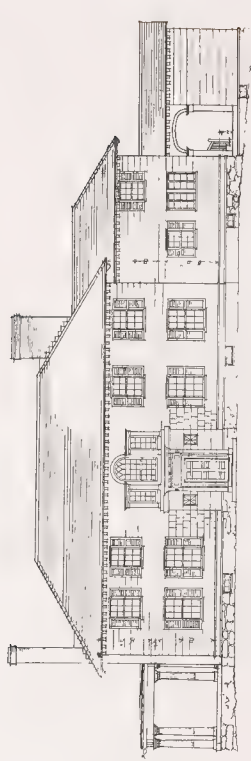


ENTRANCE FRONT

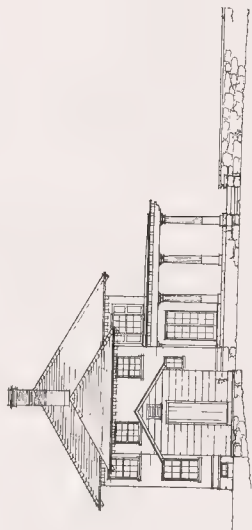




EAST



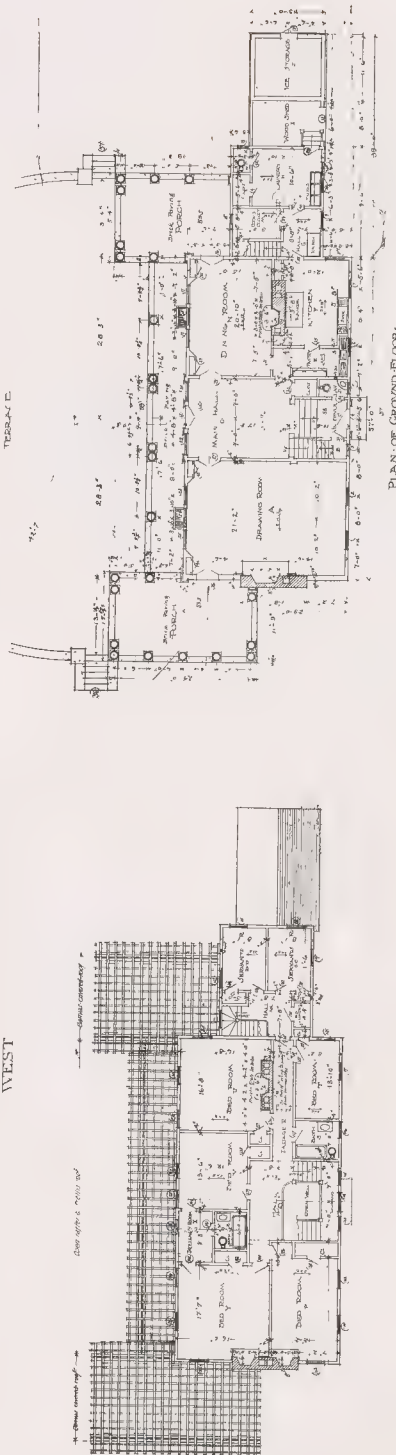
NORTH



WEST



SOUTH



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR



FREDERIC C. CULVER



CORNER OF LOGGIA



ON THE TERRACE



FREDERIC C. CULVER



GARDEN



DINING ROOM

C. L. RING



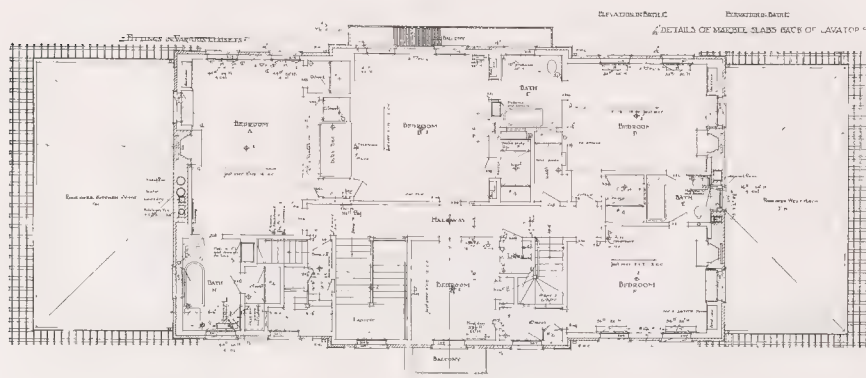
NORTH FRONT



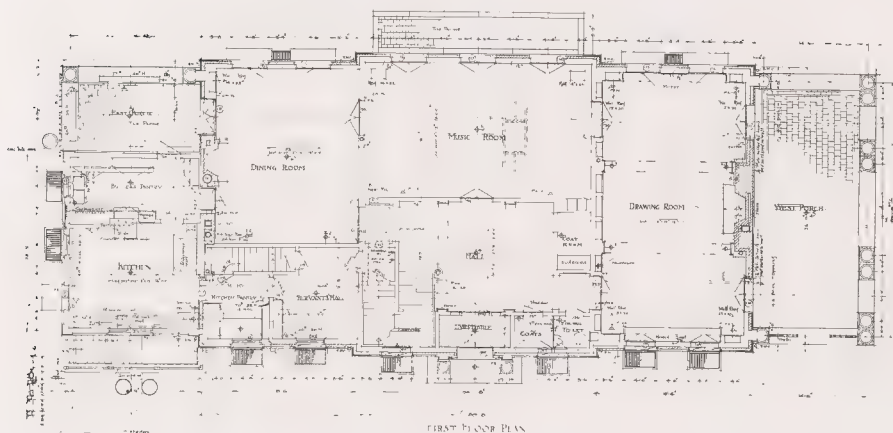
C. L. RING



NORTH ELEVATION



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

C. L. RING



GARDEN HOUSE



GARDEN WALK

C. L. RING



MUSIC ROOM



LOGGIA



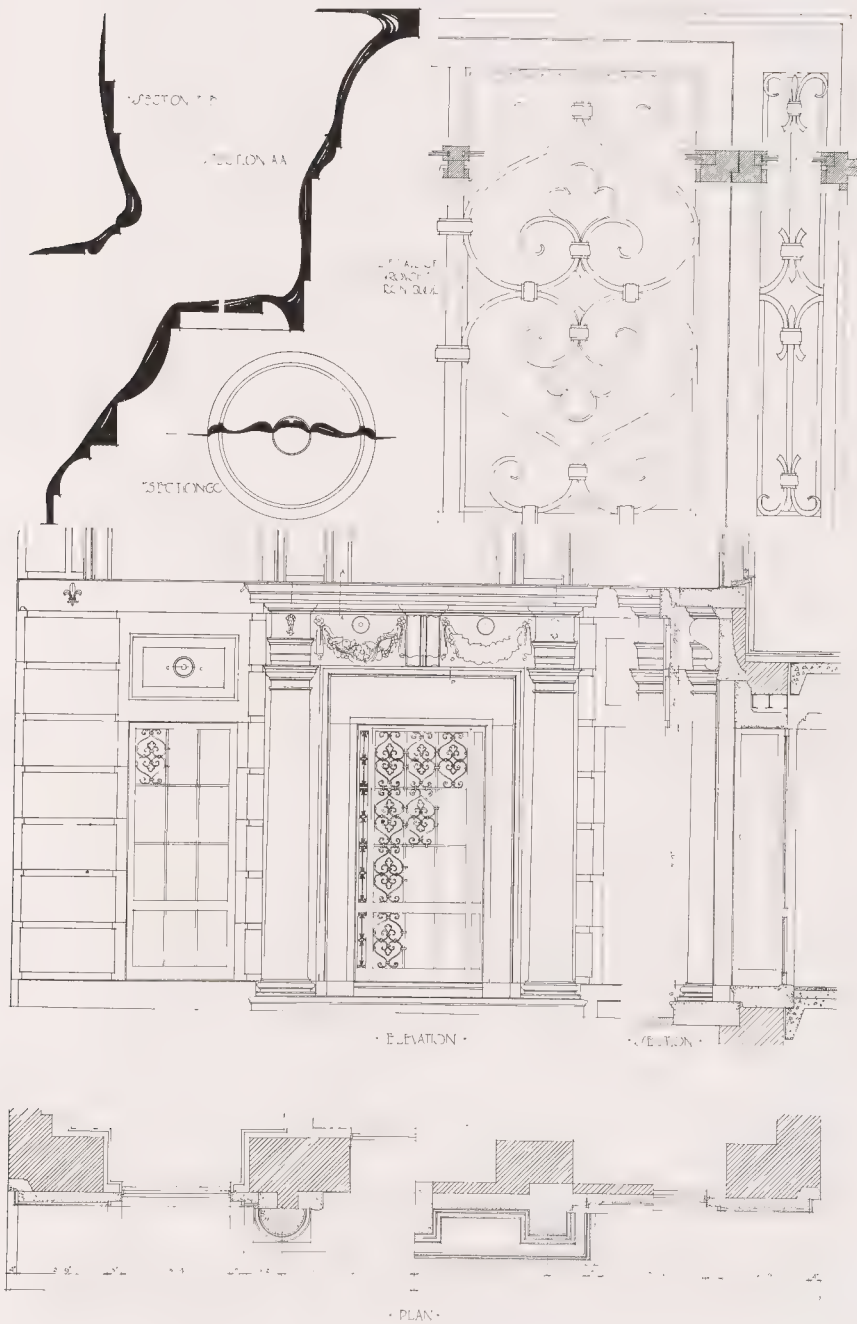


ENTRANCE DETAIL

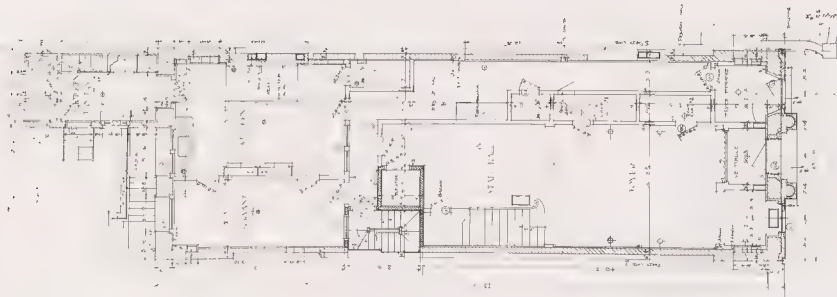


FRONT ELEVATION

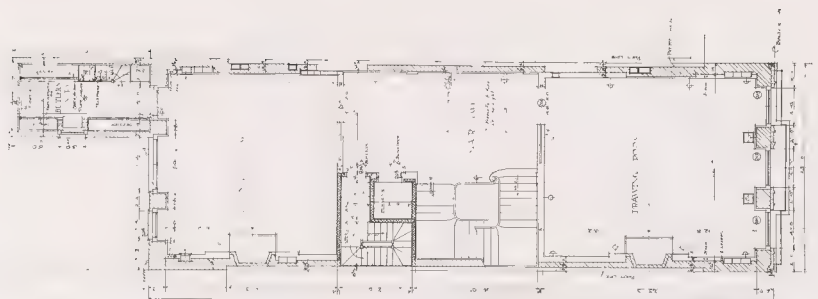
7 EAST SIXTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK



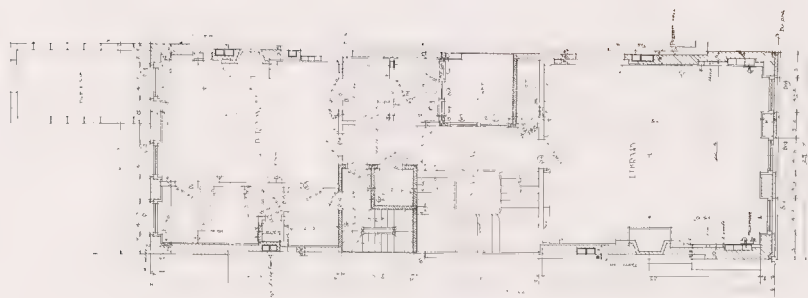
DETAILS OF RESIDENCE AT SEVEN EAST SIXTY-FIFTH STREET NEW YORK CITY



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

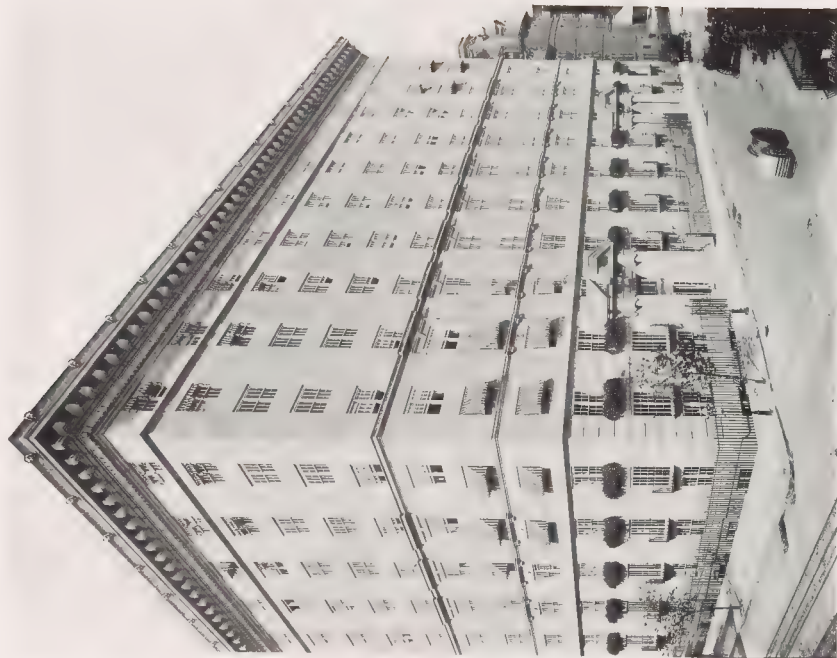


THIRD FLOOR PLAN

APARTMENT HOUSE—131-135 EAST SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK



EAST ENTRANCE



SIXTY-SIXTH STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE

APARTMENT HOUSE—131-135 EAST SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK



MR. PLATT'S LIBRARY

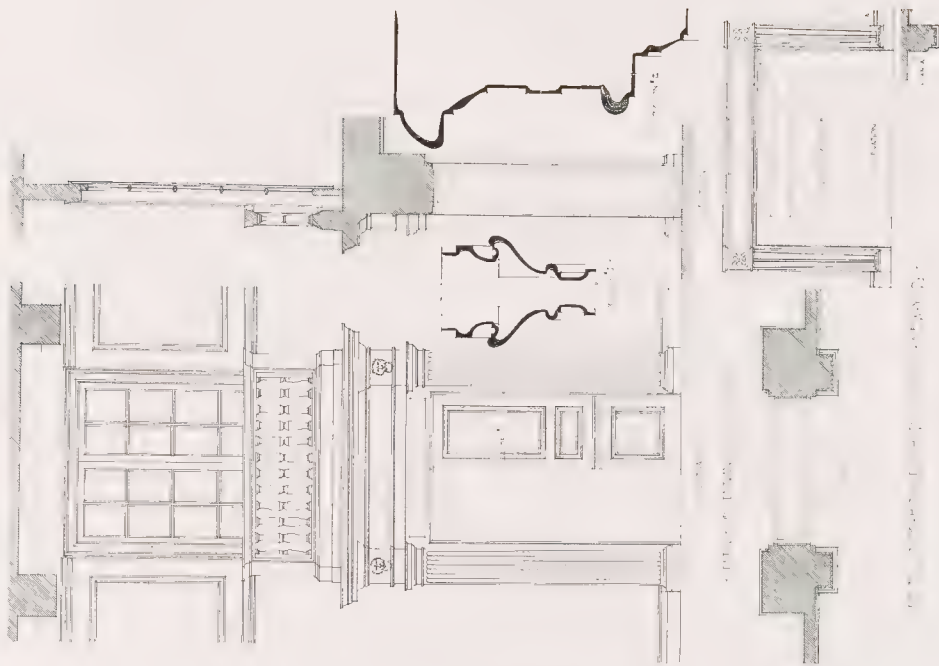


STUDIO OF HOWARD HART



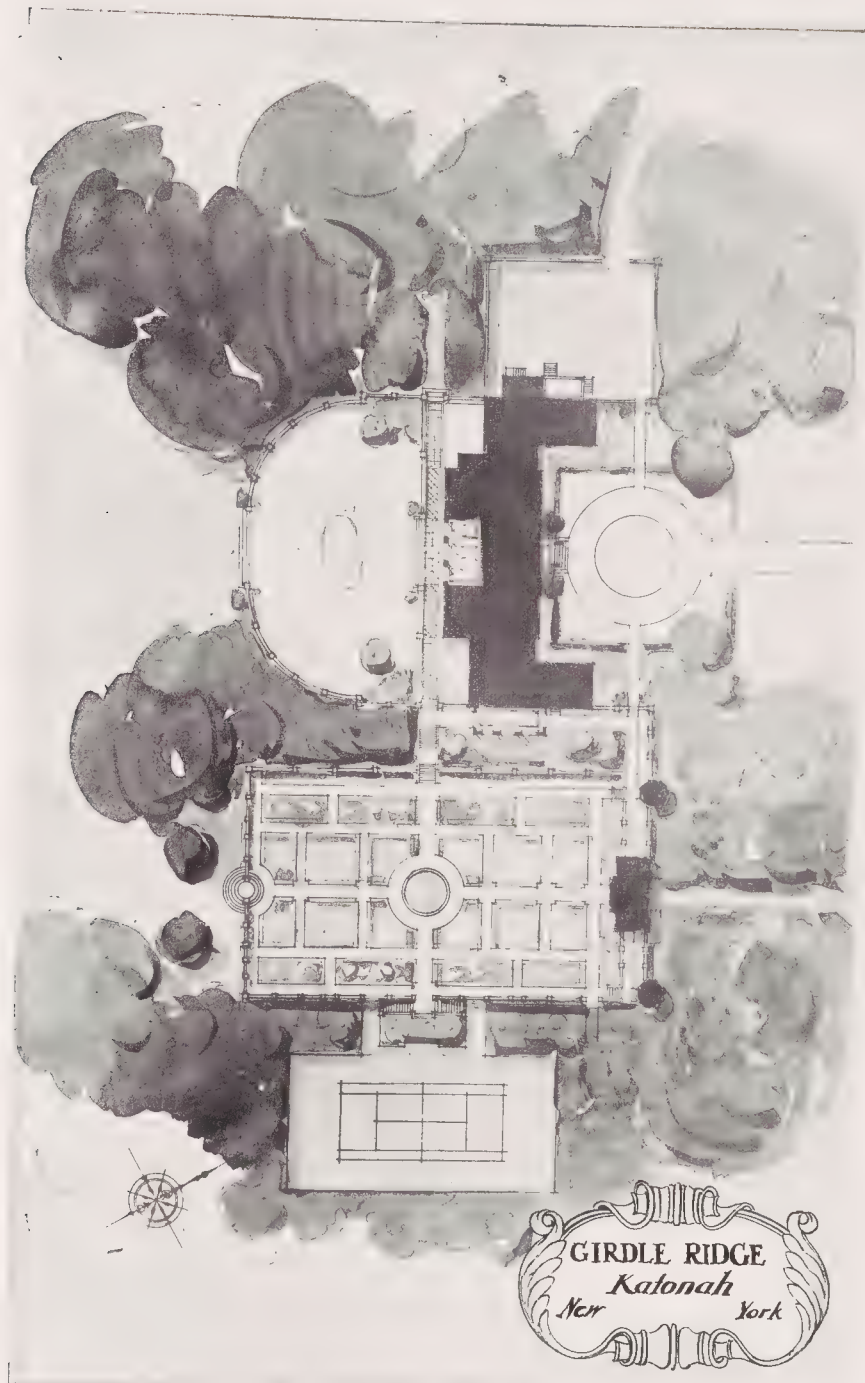


STUDIO



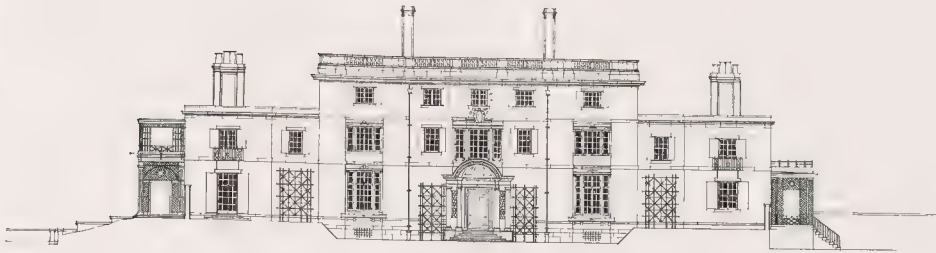


GIRDLE RIDGE, KATONAH, N. Y.

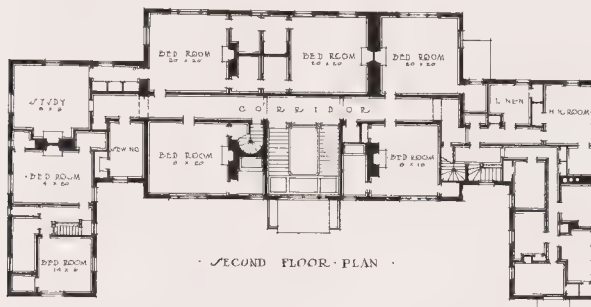


PLAN OF THE GARDENS

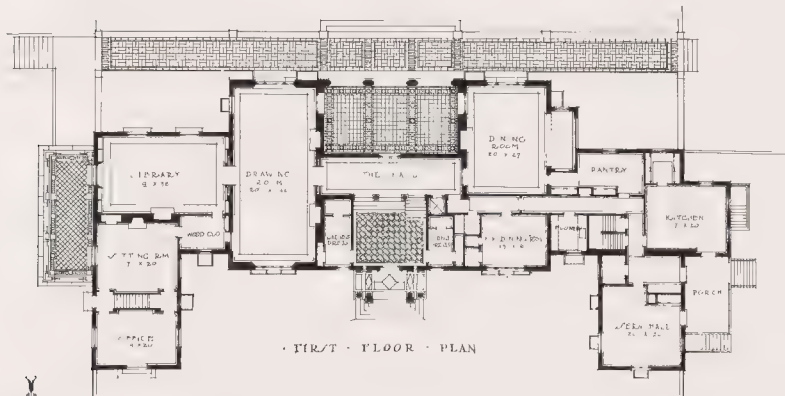
GIRDLE RIDGE, KATONAH, N. Y.



· NORTH · ELEVATION ·



· SECOND FLOOR · PLAN ·



· FIRST · FLOOR · PLAN ·





GIRDLE RIDGE, KATONAH, N. Y.

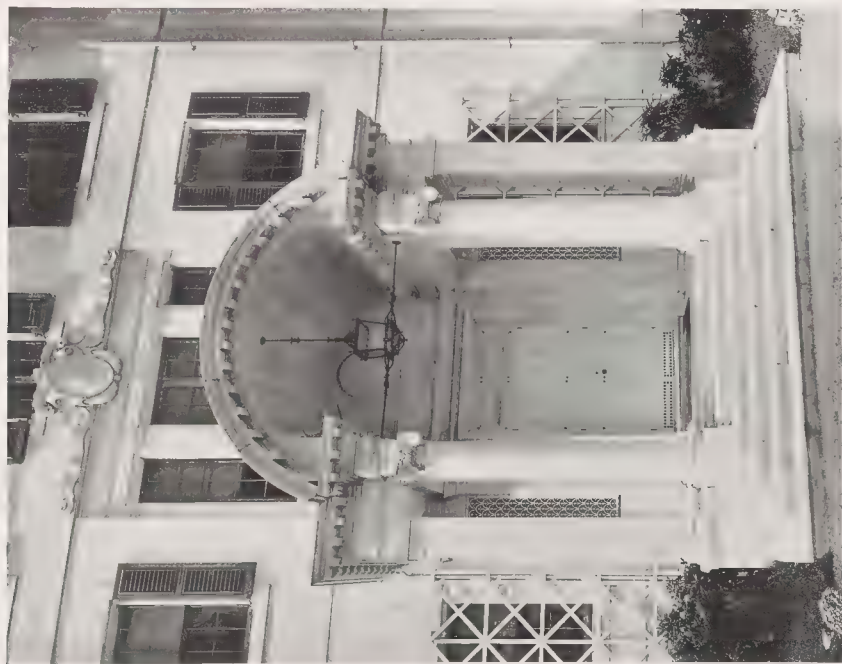


THE PAVILLION

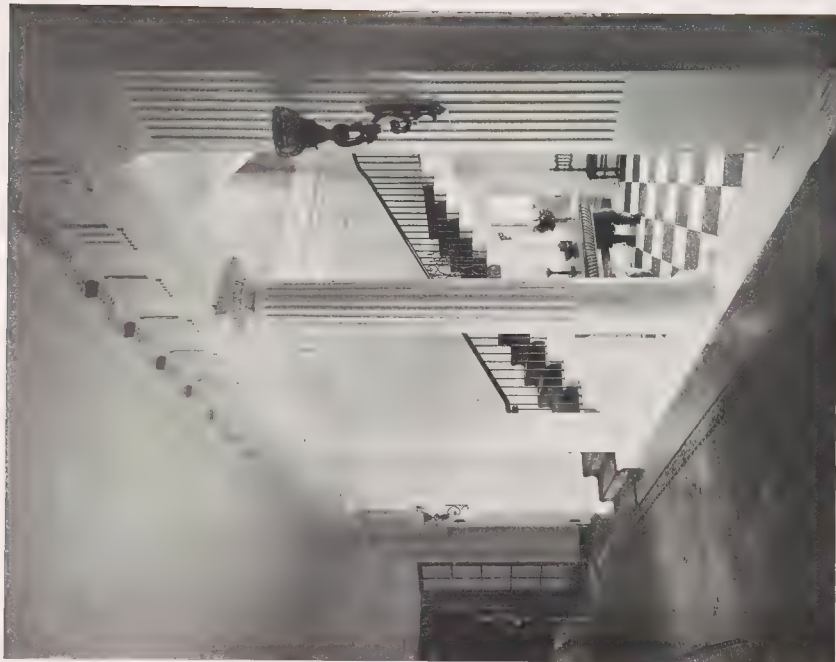


NORTH FRONT





MAIN ENTRANCE



HALL

GIRDLE RIDGE, KATONAH, N. Y.



DRAWING ROOM



LIBRARY





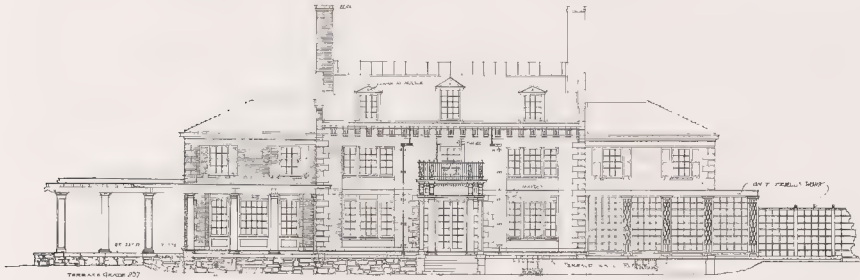
DINING ROOM



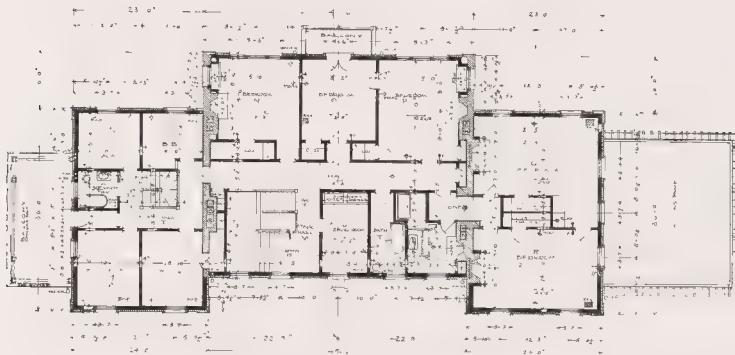
CHERRY HILL



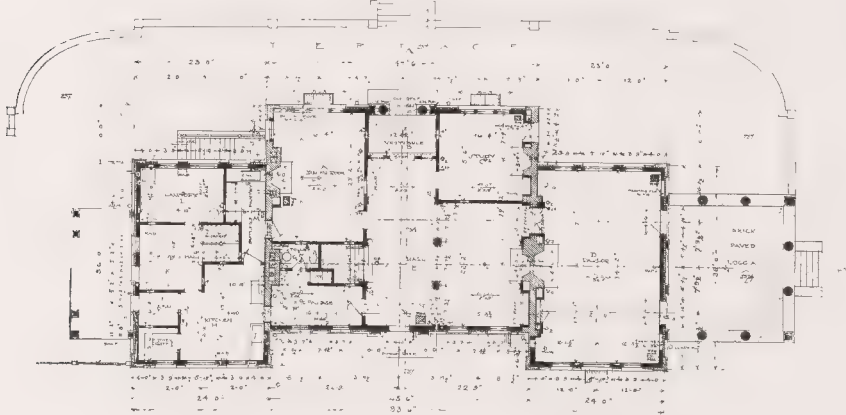
SOUTH ELEVATION



NORTH ELEVATION



FIRST FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR

CHERRY HILL



TERRACE



SOUTH ENTRANCE



CHERRY HILL



DRAWING ROOM



NORTH FRONT

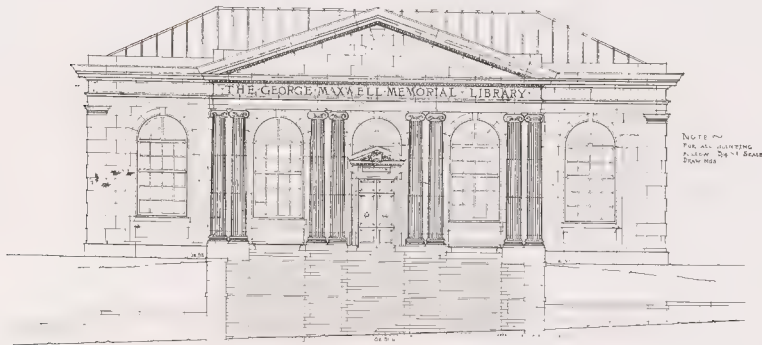


THE GEORGE MAXWELL MEMORIAL LIBRARY

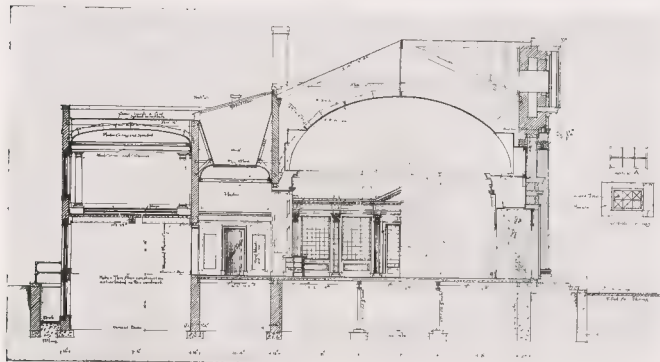




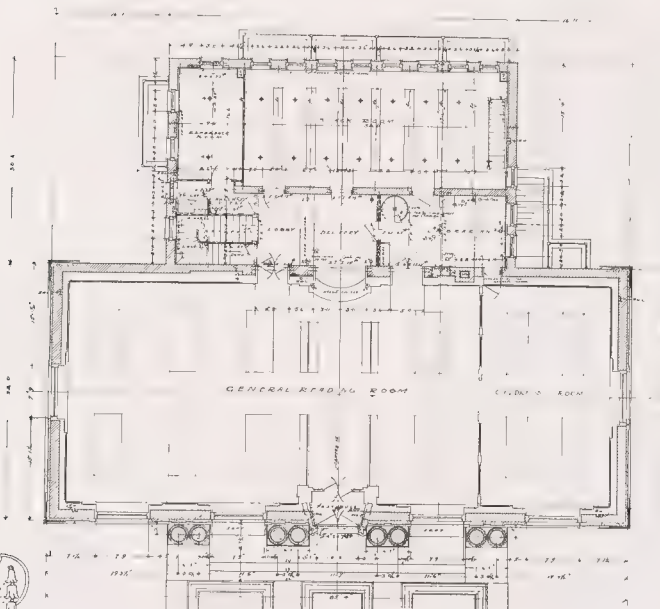
THE GEORGE MAXWELL MEMORIAL LIBRARY



FRONT ELEVATION



TRANSVERSE SECTION



PLAN





DINGLETON HOUSE, WINDSOR, VT.



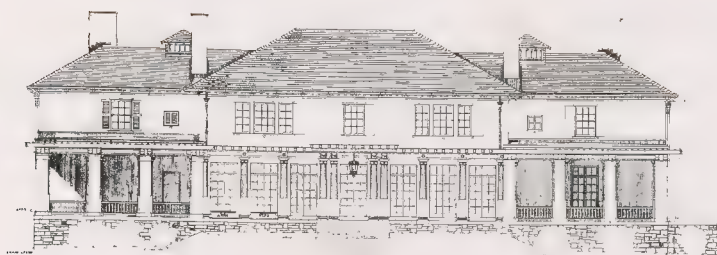
THE GARDEN



EAST FRONT



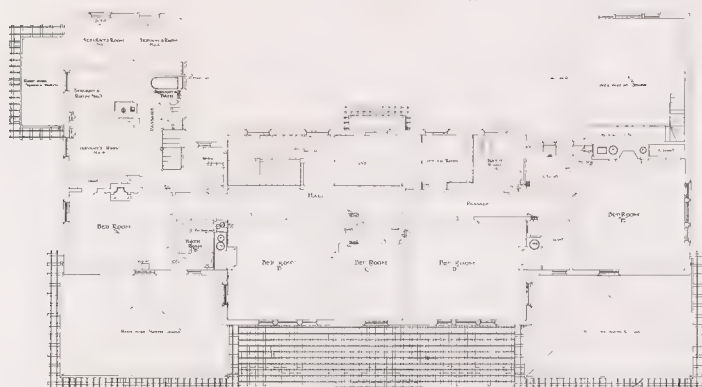
DINGLETON HOUSE, WINDSOR, VT.



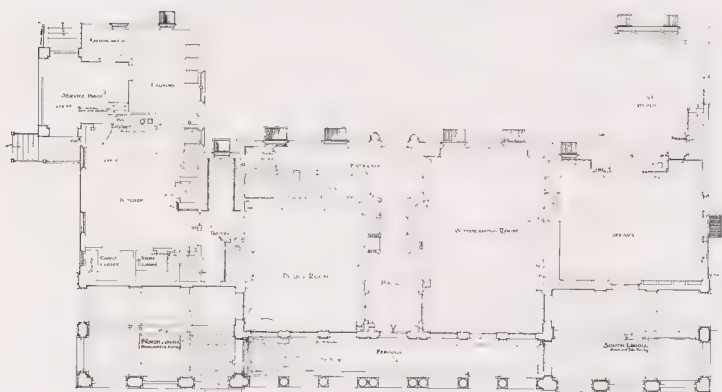
WEST ELEVATION



EAST ELEVATION



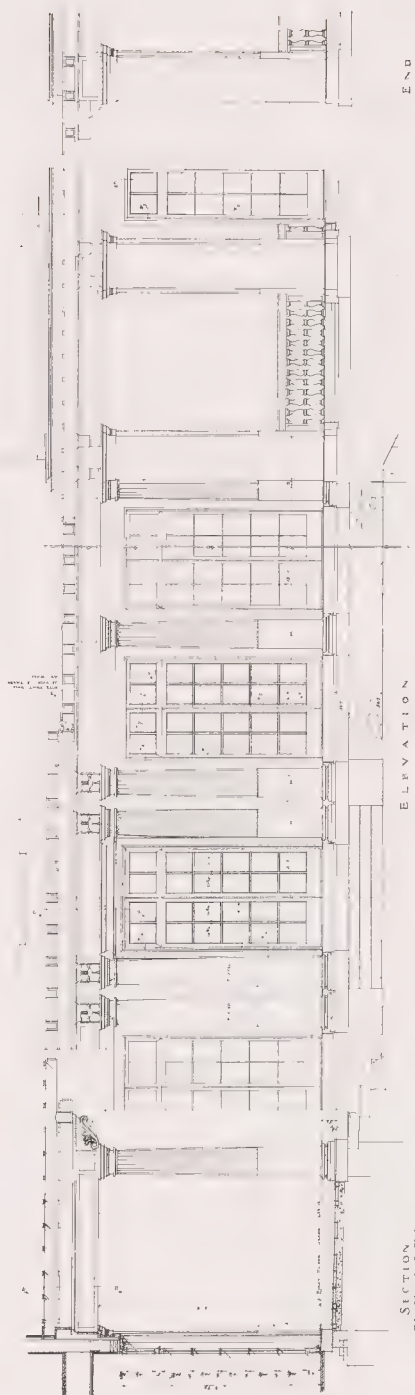
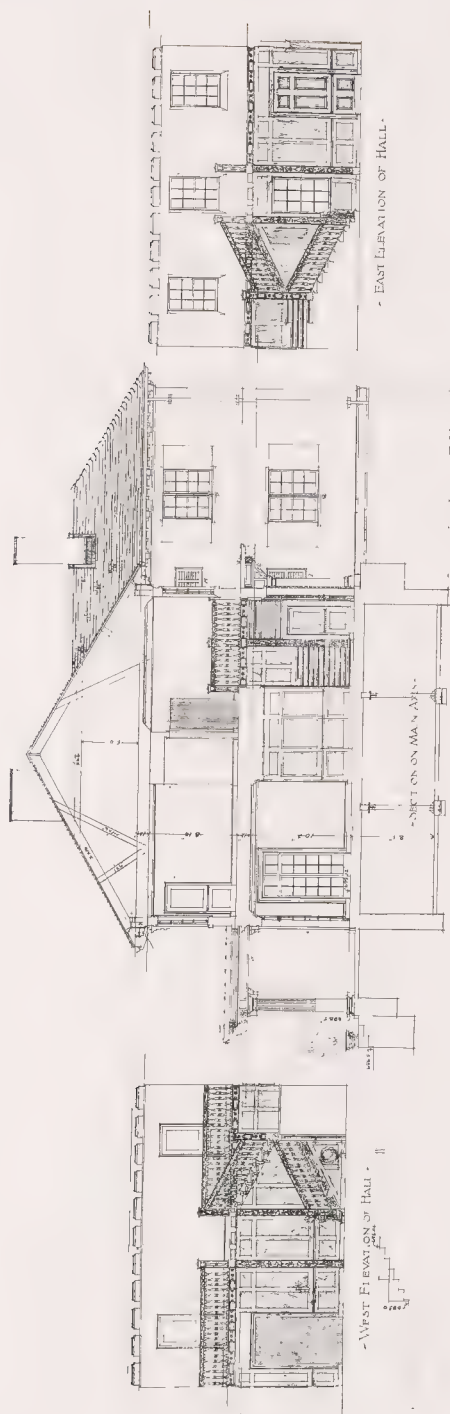
SECOND FLOOR PLAN
ONE QUARTER INCH SCALE



FIRST FLOOR PLAN
ONE QUARTER INCH SCALE

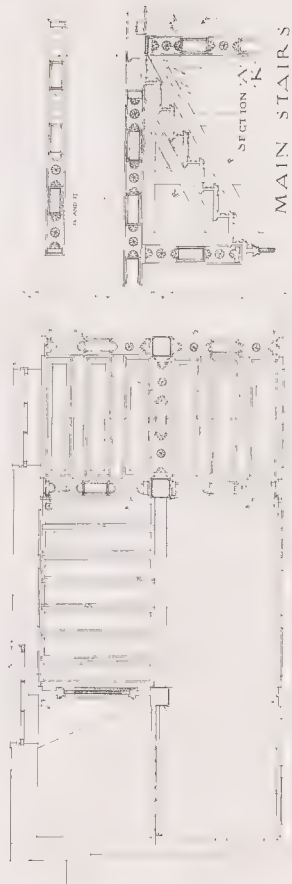
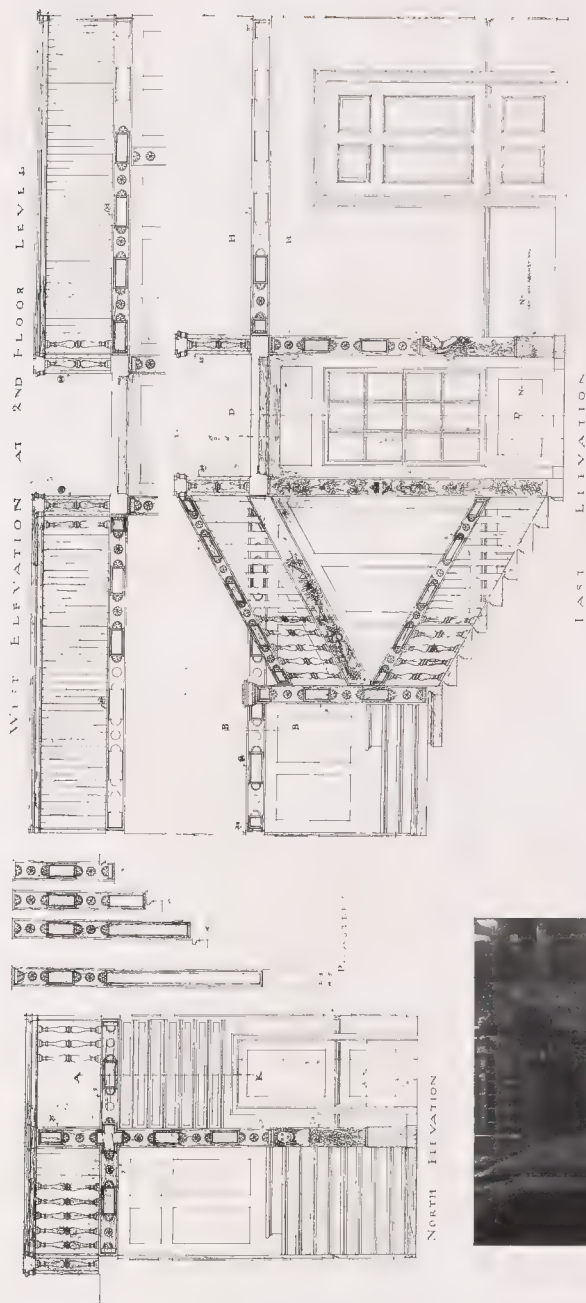


DINGLETON HOUSE, WINDSOR, VT.



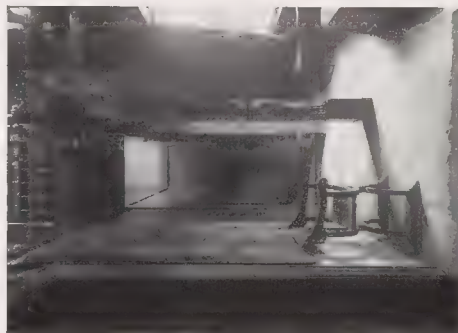


DINGLETON HOUSE, WINDSOR, VT.



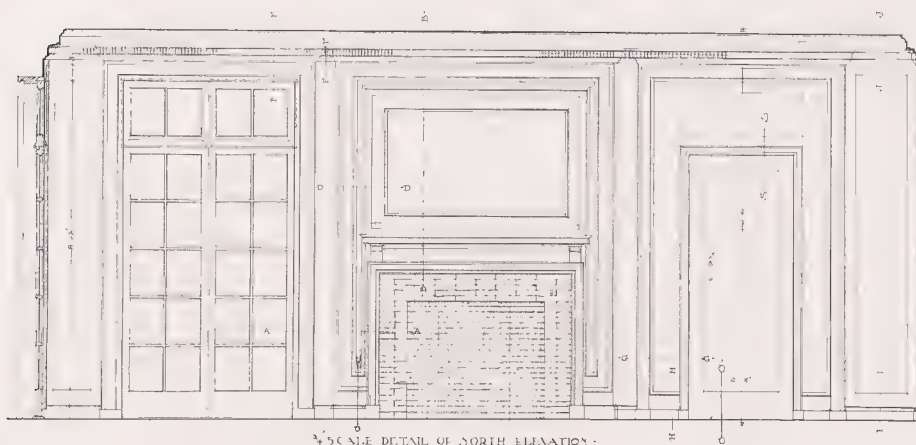
PLAN

SECTION X-X

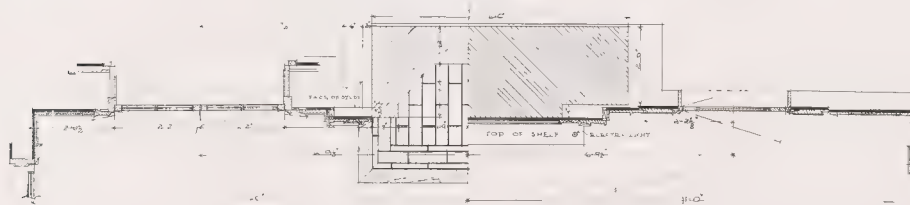




DINGLETON HOUSE, WINDSOR, VT.



1/4" SCALE DETAIL OF NORTH ELEVATION -



HALF PLAN OF FIREPLACE

DINING ROOM

HALF PLAN ABOVE FIREPLACE -



DINGLETON HOUSE, WINDSOR, VT.





DINGLETON HOUSE, WINDSOR, VT.



PERGOLA



DETAIL PERGOLA



ROSE GARDEN

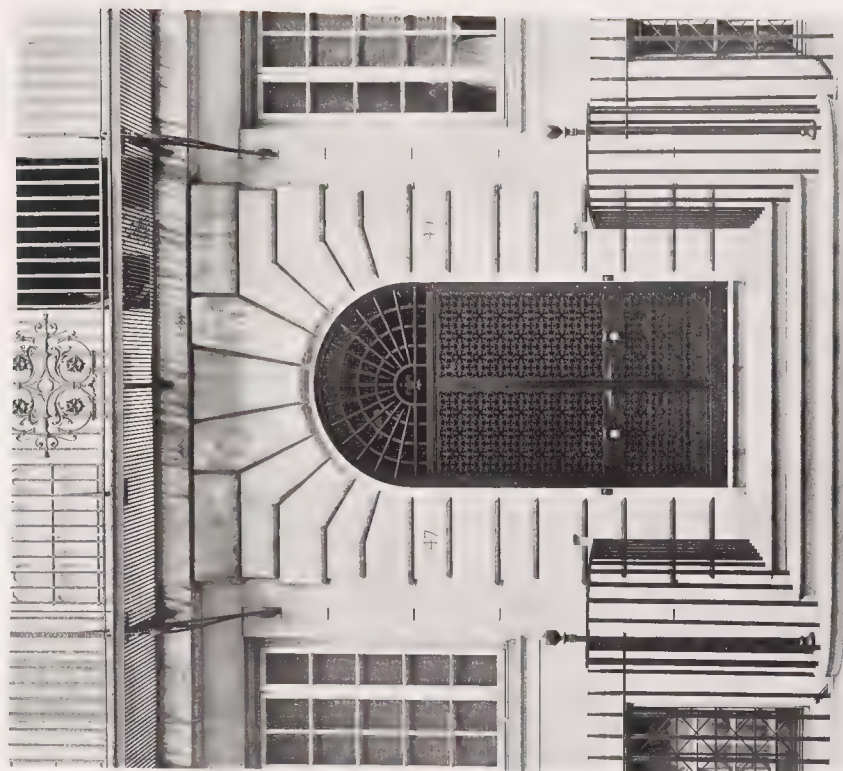


The image displays three architectural drawings of the Temple of Concordia in Agrigento, Sicily. The top drawing is a plan view of the temple, showing its rectangular layout with a central rectangular area and four smaller rectangular areas at the corners. The middle drawing is a section view of the temple, showing the interior structure with columns and a pediment. The bottom drawing is a detail of the pediment, showing the arrangement of columns and the triangular space above them. The drawings are labeled with various parts and measurements, including 'TEMPLE OF CONCORDIA', 'SECTION', 'PLAN', and 'DETAIL OF PEDIMENT'.





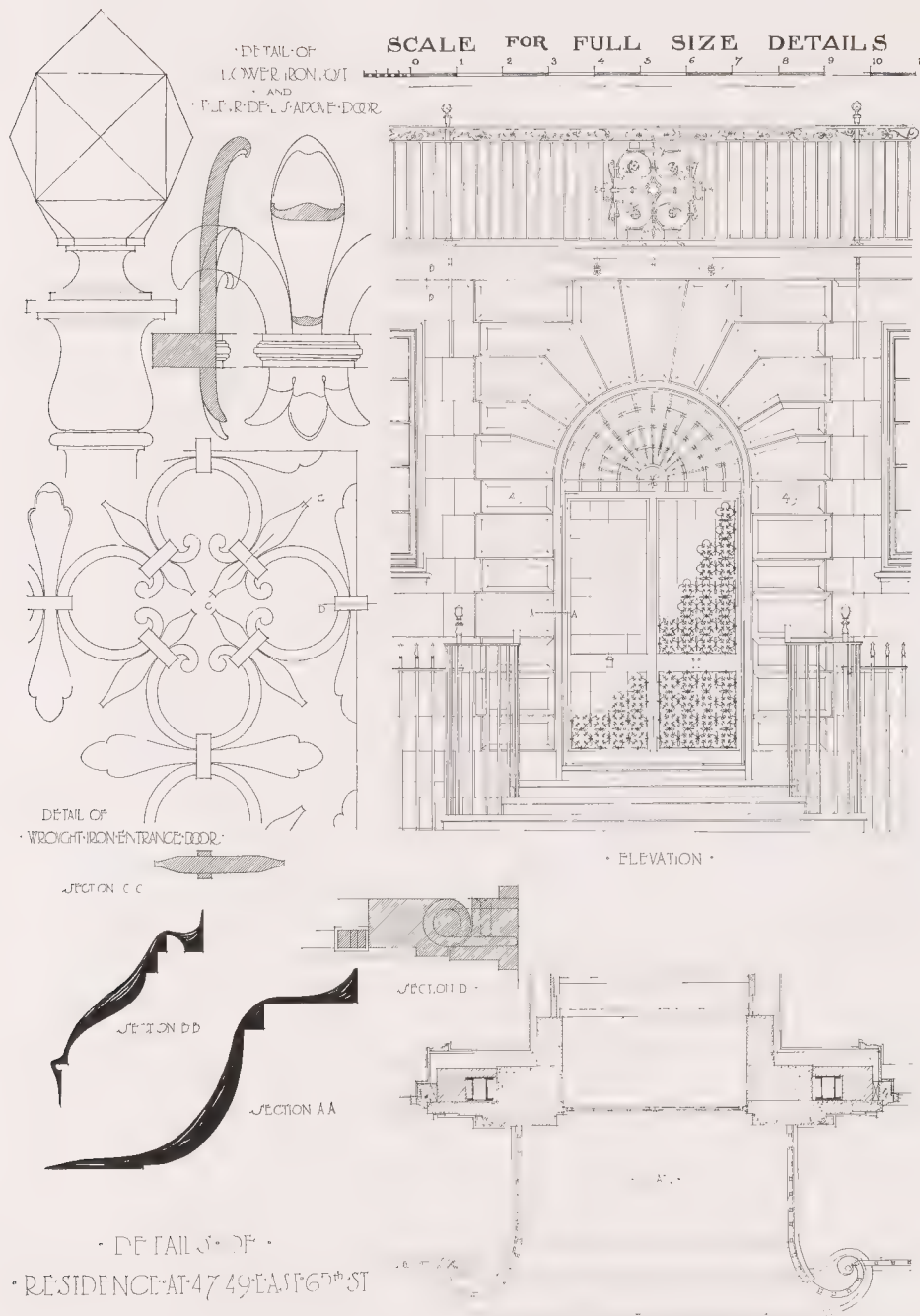
FRONT ELEVATION



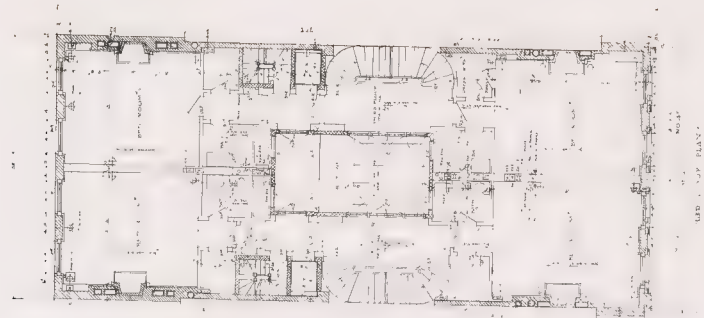
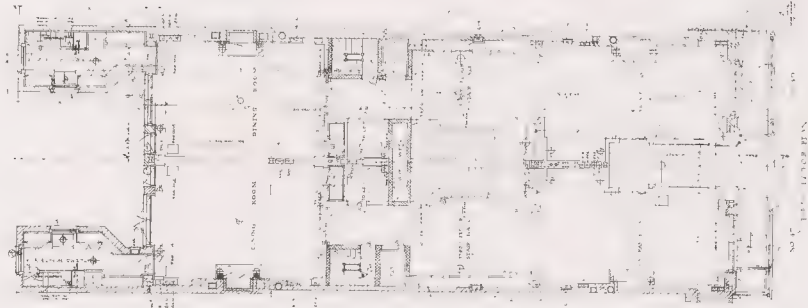
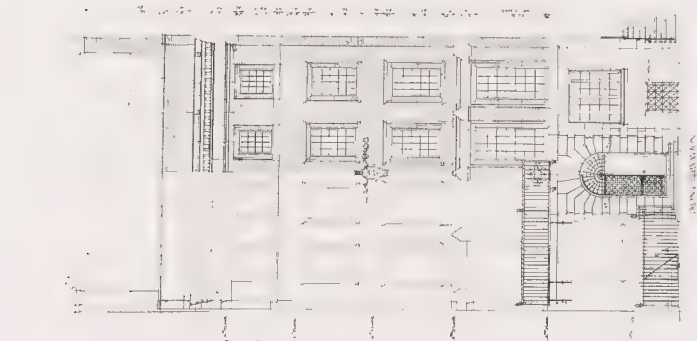
DETAIL OF ENTRANCE



47 AND 49 EAST SIXTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK



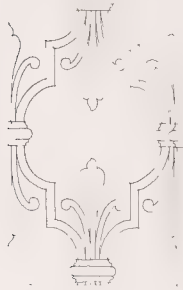
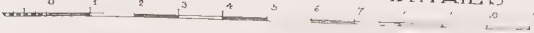




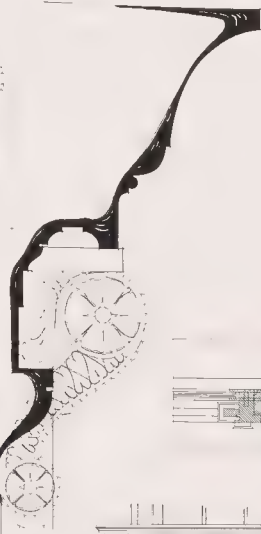


844 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

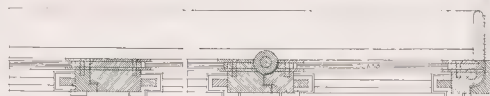
SCALE FOR FULL SIZE DETAILS



SECTION A

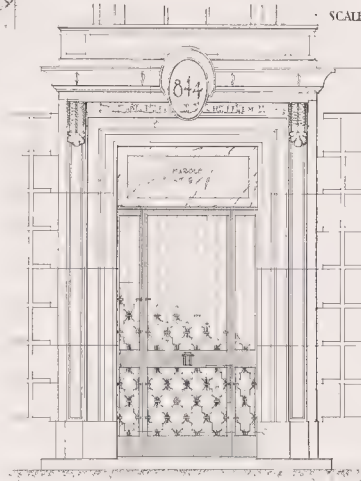
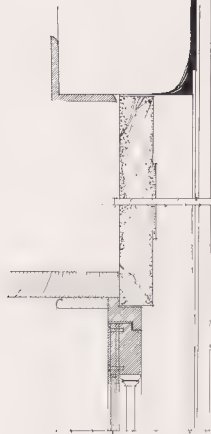


SECTION B

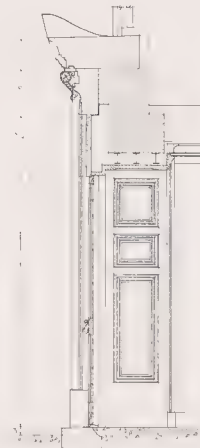


SECTION C

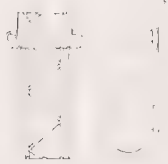
SCALE FOR FULL SIZE DETAILS



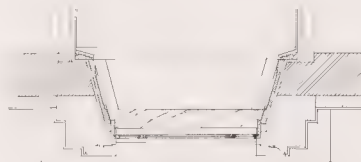
ELEVATION



SECTION



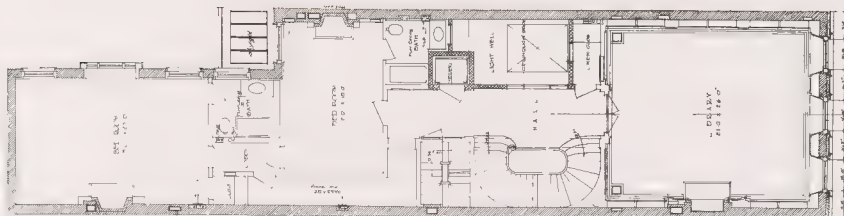
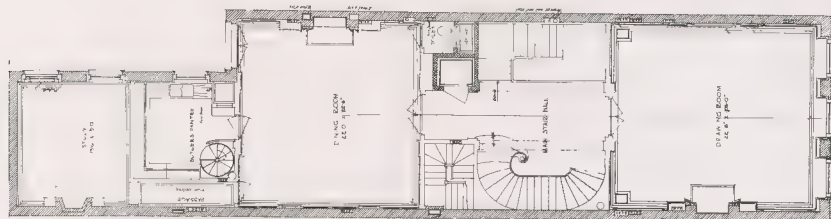
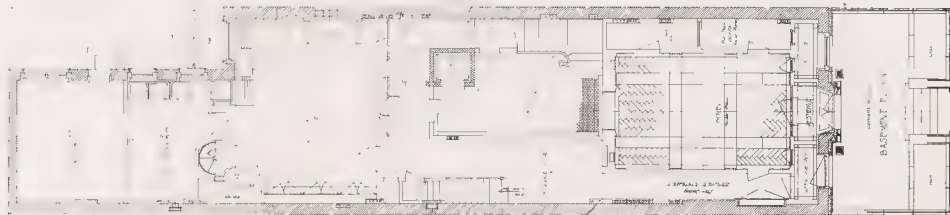
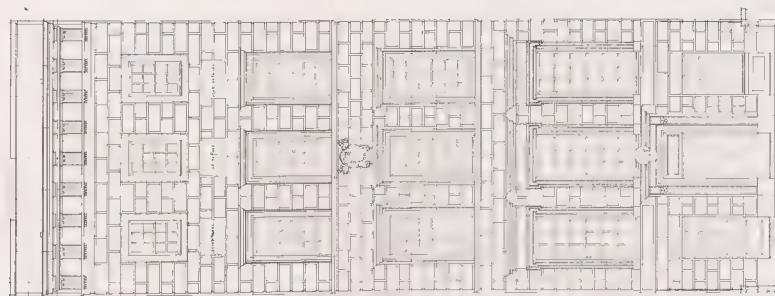
DETAIL OF DOOR PULL



PLAN

ALTERATIONS-844 FIFTH AVENUE





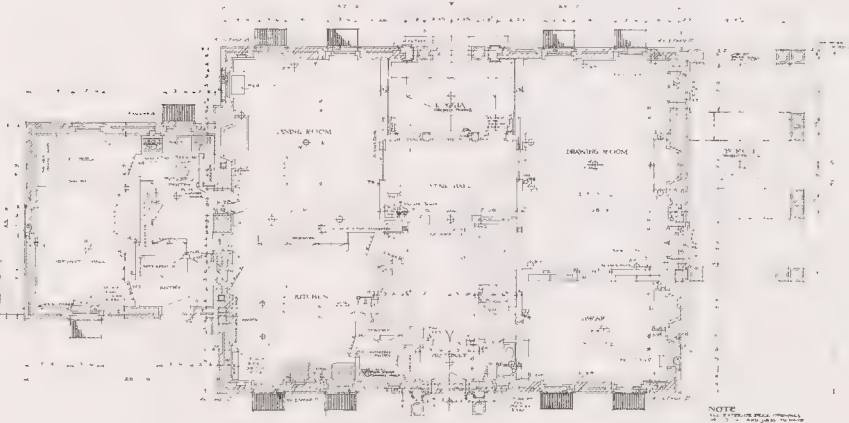
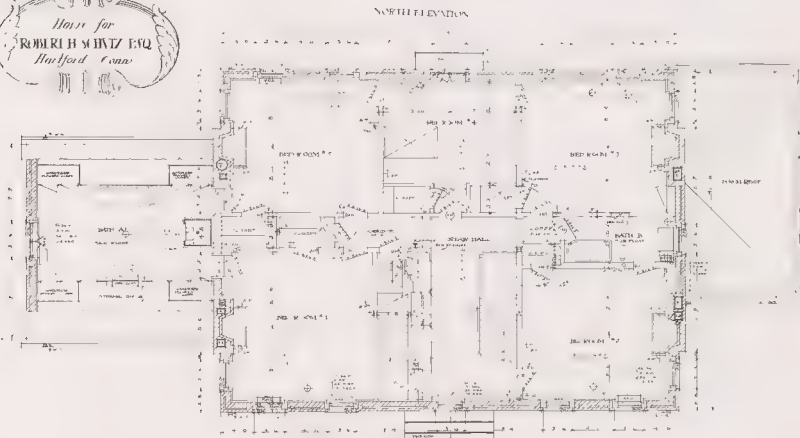




NORTH FRONT



ROBERT H. SCHUTZ



NOTE
SEE SPECIFICATIONS FOR DETAILS

FIRST FLOOR PLAN



CLIFFORD D. CHENEY, SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.



ENTRANCE FRONT



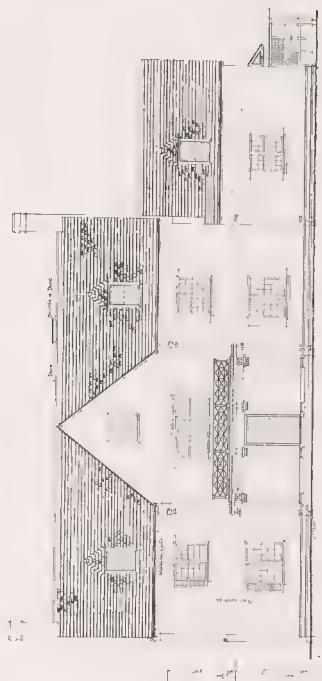
SOUTH FRONT



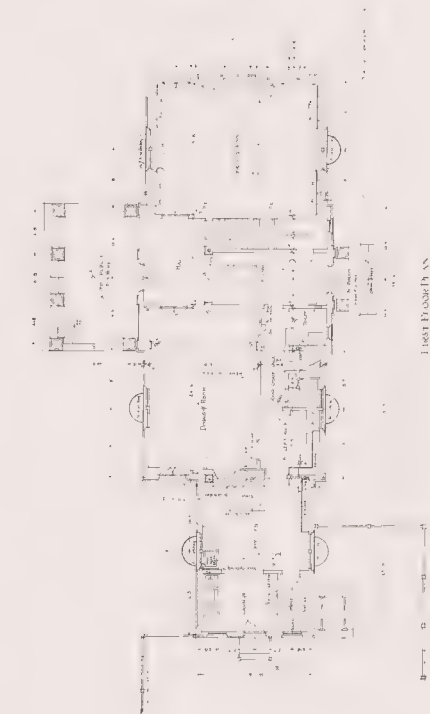
CLIFFORD D. CHENEY, SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.



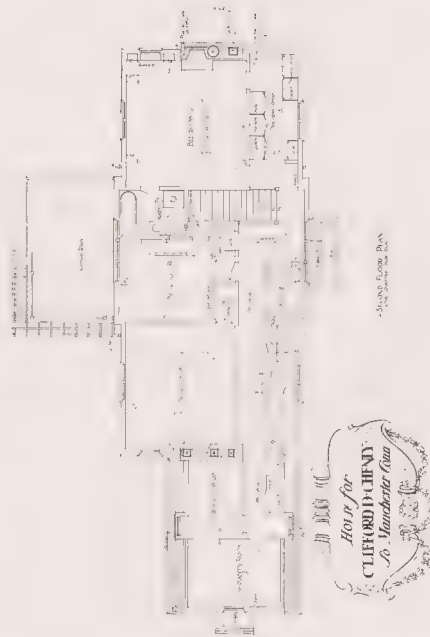
"NORTH ELEVATION"
Chimney and Porch



"SOUTH ELEVATION"
Chimney and Porch



1st FLOOR PLAN
HALLWAY and PORCH



2nd FLOOR PLAN
HALLWAY and PORCH



J. DAVENPORT CHENEY, SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

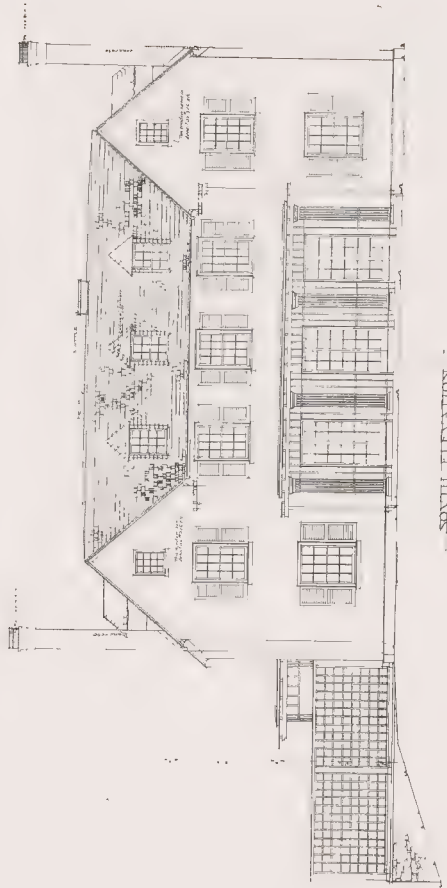
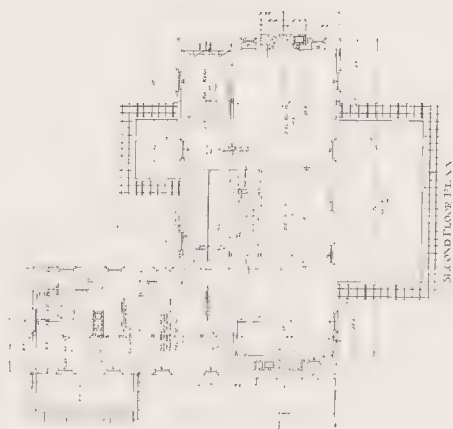
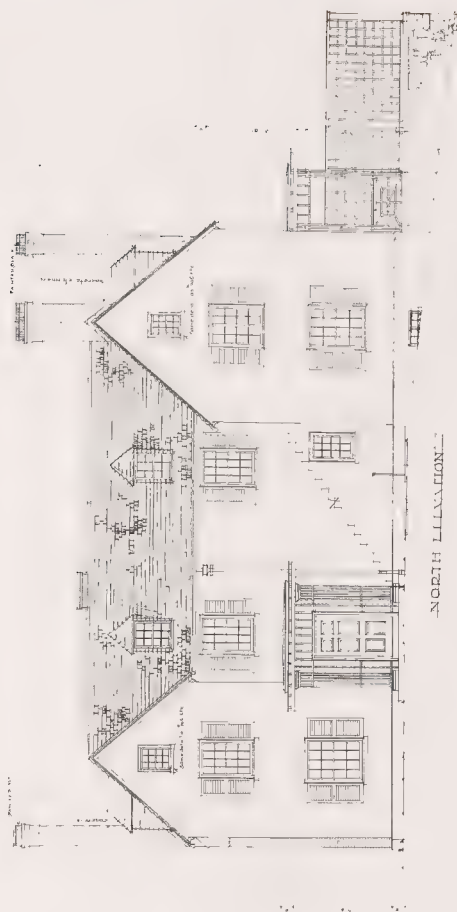
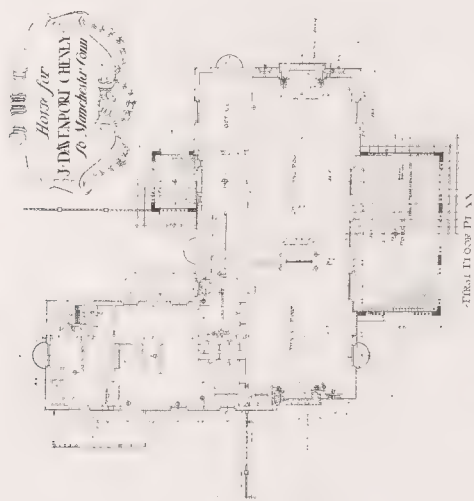


NORTH FRONT



SOUTH FRONT







J. DAVENPORT CHENEY, SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.



VERANDA



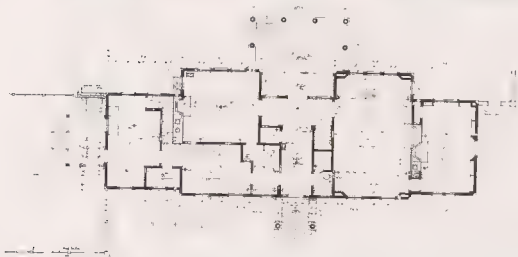
DINING ROOM



W. H. RAND



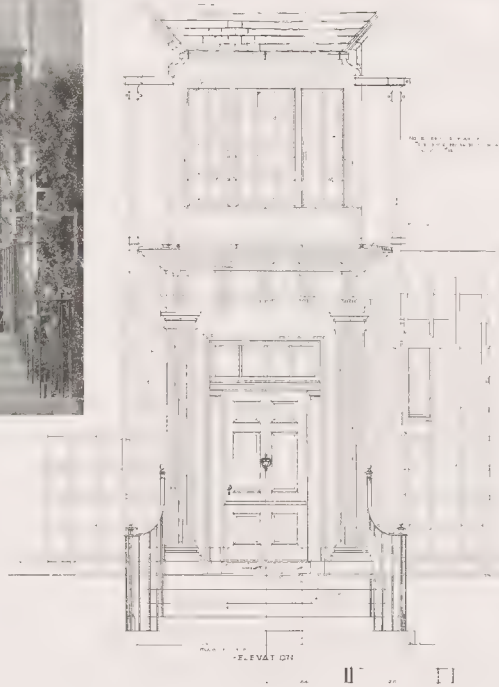
GARDEN FRONT



DRAWING ROOM

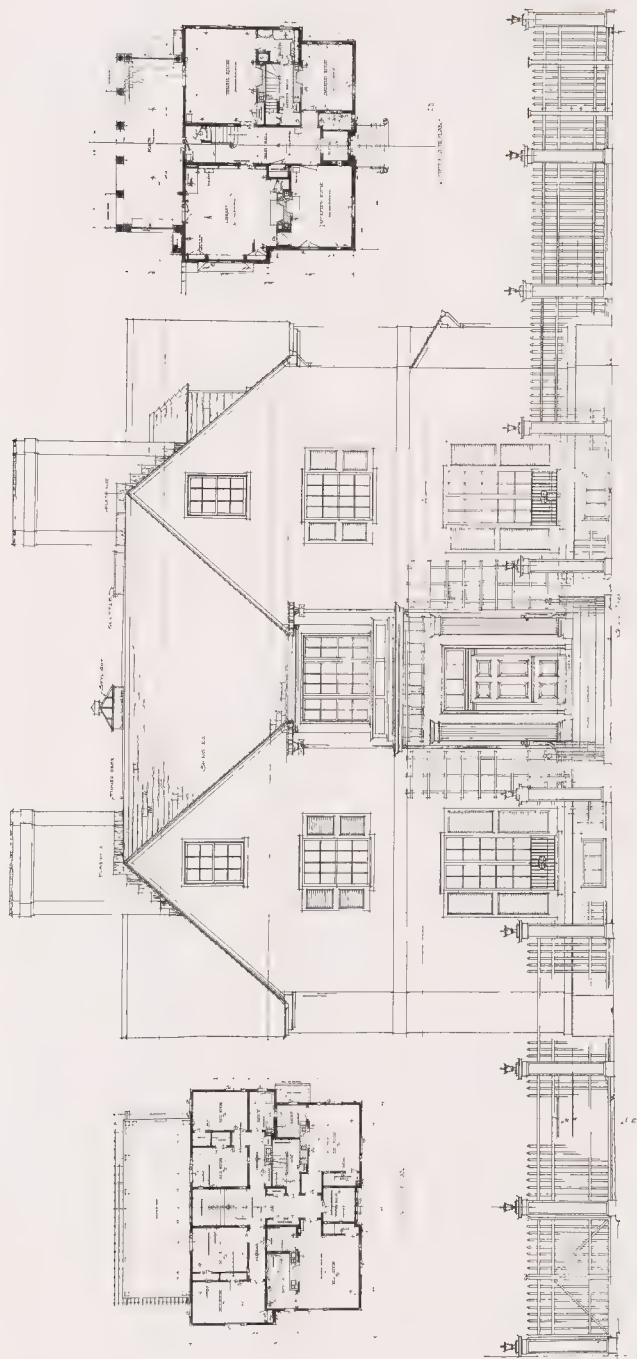


HENRY HOWARD, BROOKLINE, MASS.





HENRY HOWARD, BROOKLINE, MASS.

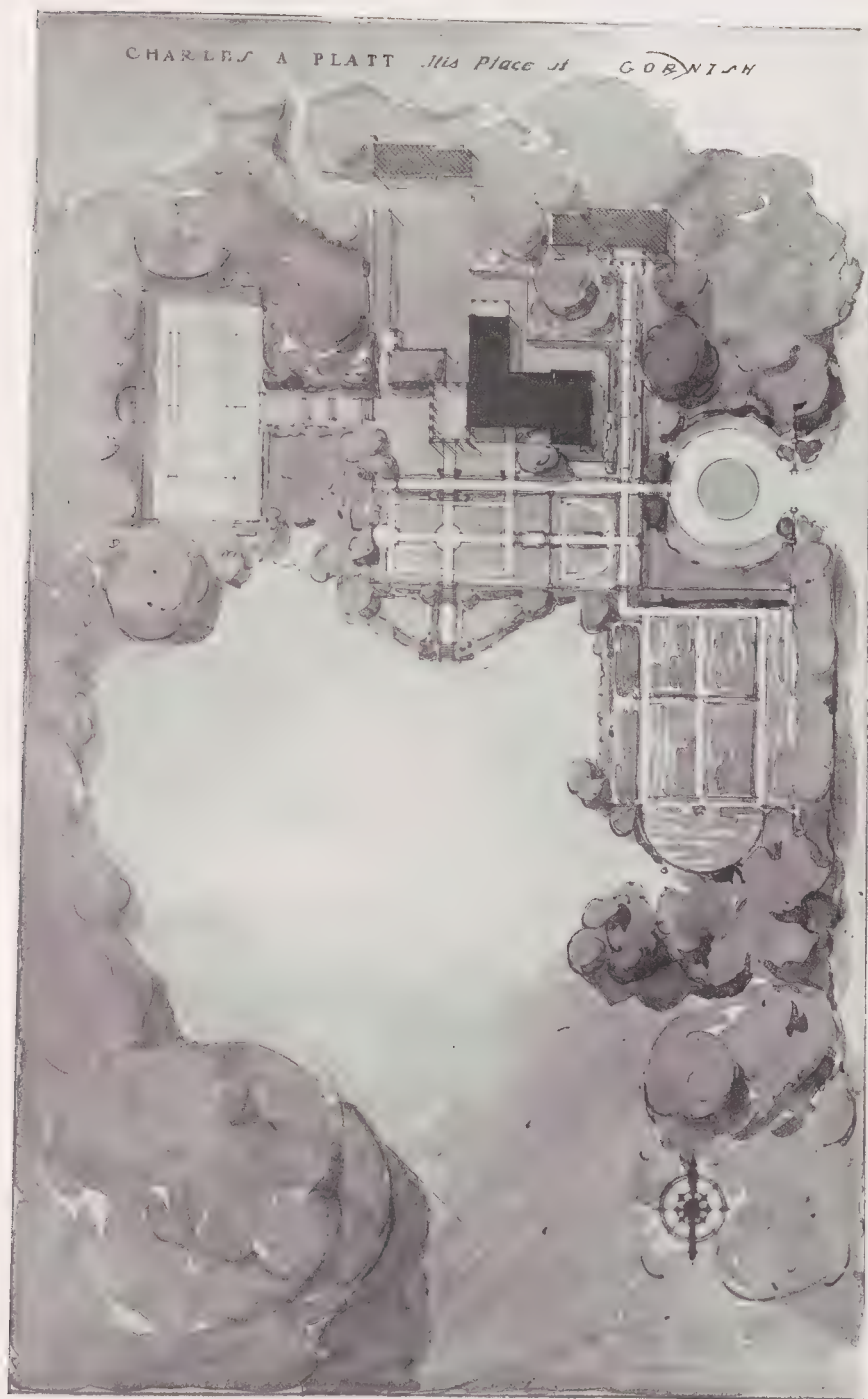


FRONT ELEVATION





CHARLES A. PLATT





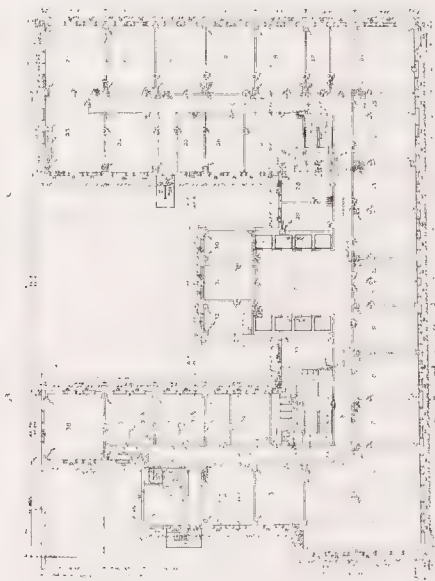




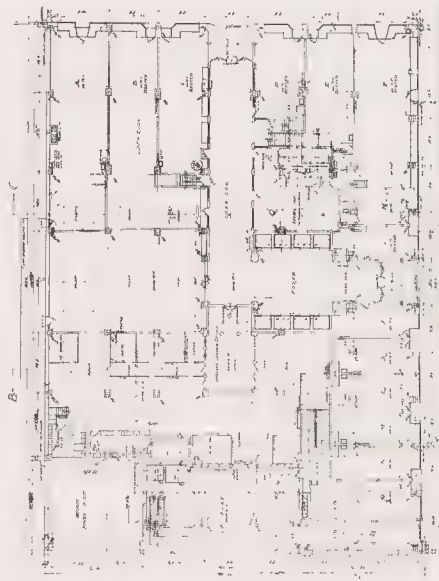
THE LEADER-NEWS BUILDING, CLEVELAND, OHIO



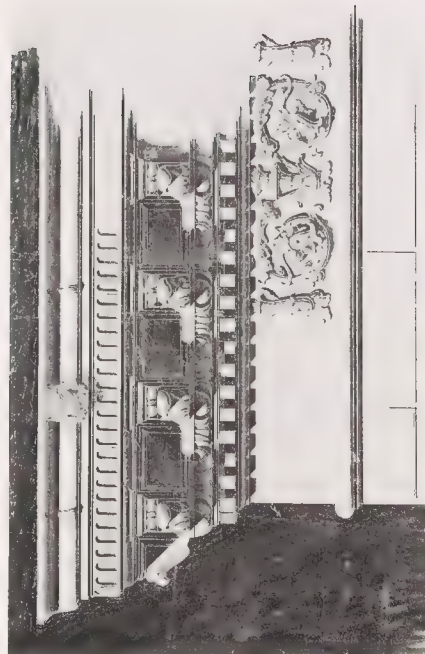




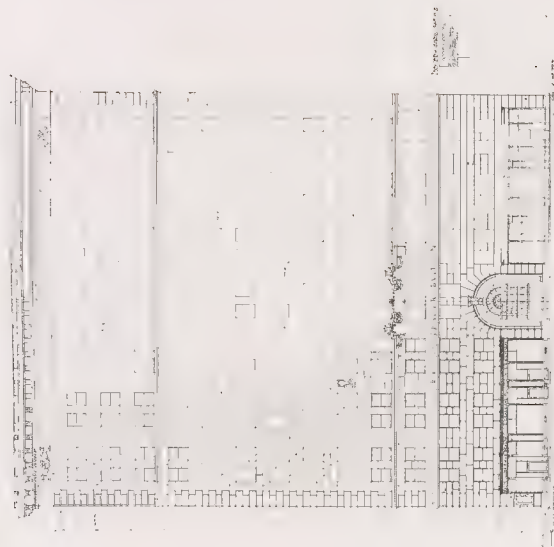
FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR

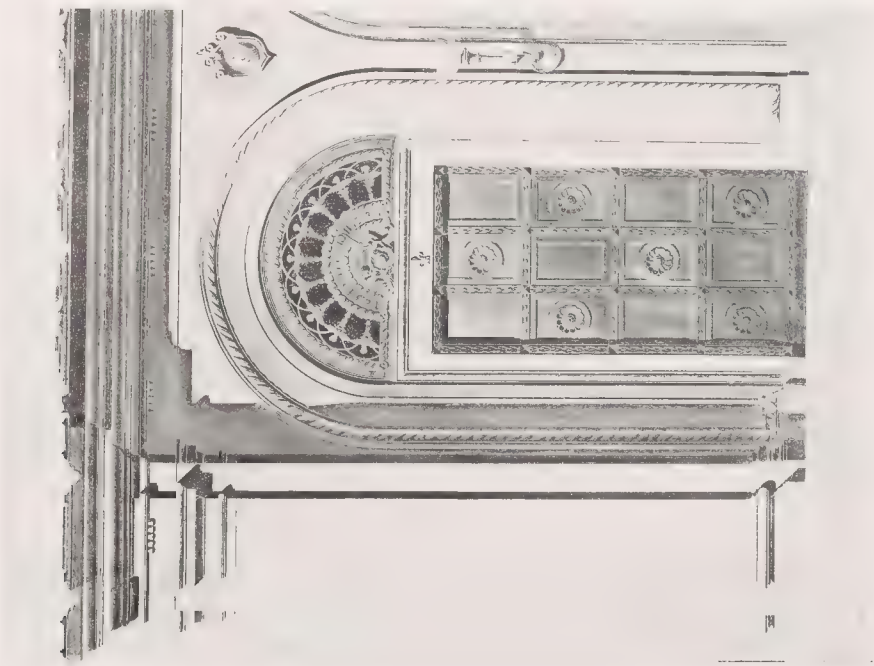


CORNICE

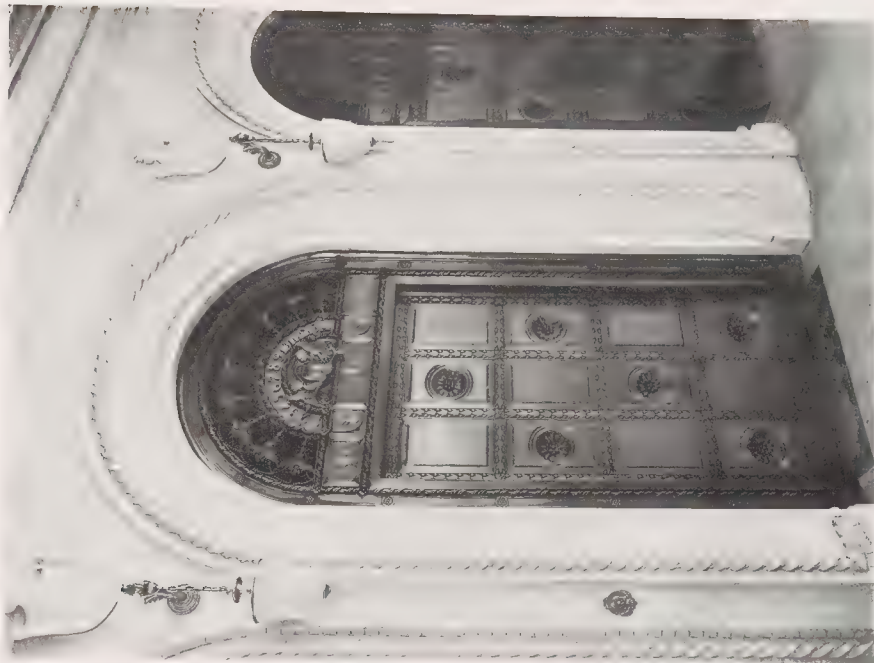


SUPERIOR AVE. ELEVATION





ELEVATOR DOOR



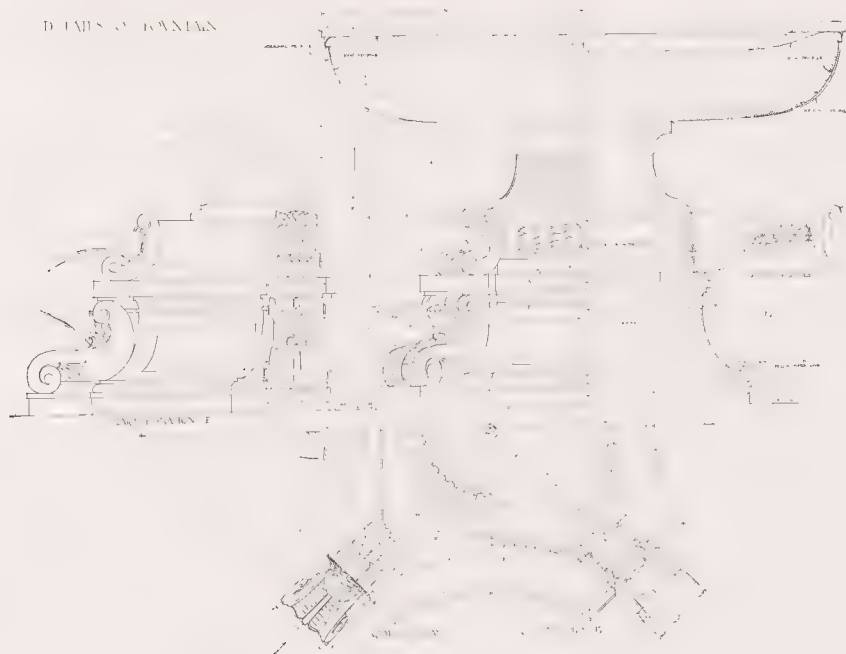
ELEVATOR DOOR



LOWELL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN



DETAILS OF FOUNTAIN





L. B. N. A. WERNER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

